

Come to Jesus.

The Judgment Day (B.J. 15)
 dinner, come away to Christ,
 s calling now for Thee;
 every chance will soon be past,
 on now for refuge flee.

Chorus.

come away! Oh, come away!
 Jesus wants to save;
 arise you, give you peace and
 heaven beyond the grave.

be wise, accept His grace!
 offered you to-day;
 arden now He with bestow,
 come, oh, come away!

ner, come away just now!
 efforts do not cease;
 in is the best to have,
 ings true joy and peace.

Capt. A. Lightfoot.

Favorite Free-and-Easy Solo.

GONE FOR EVER.

d to sing the devil's songs in
 other part of dress;
 when I reached my home at
 zhi I found, to my distress,
 was far from satisfied, I'd ex-
 acted a well.

Chorus.

e for ever, gone for ever, gone
 down - down - down an awful
 over, gone for ever, gone before
 in time to say far-well.

when work was over, to a
 s I would go,
 mes to an opera house, to a
 trashy show;
 us a half a dozen, I'd then go
 e bar.

my money all was spent those
 es were not there.

They were

heard of Jesus, and His won-
 der love to me;
 to Cross of Calvary He died
 for me;
 Him for mercy. He heard my
 le prayer,

of sin He rolled away, and
 I do declare.

There are

Second Chorus.

over, gone for ever,
 me clean gone, my heart
 joy both swell,
 over, gone for ever,
 gone I'd even time to say
 ell.

Capt. C. J. Beardsell.

WING EVENTS

JOR PICKERING

at the Following Corps:

, Sun. and Mon., May 6, 7,
 ow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and
 ay 10, 11, 12, 13.
 Monday, May 14.

PORTANT I

? ALL IN LOCAL DIFFICULTIES.

DICES CONSERVATIVE

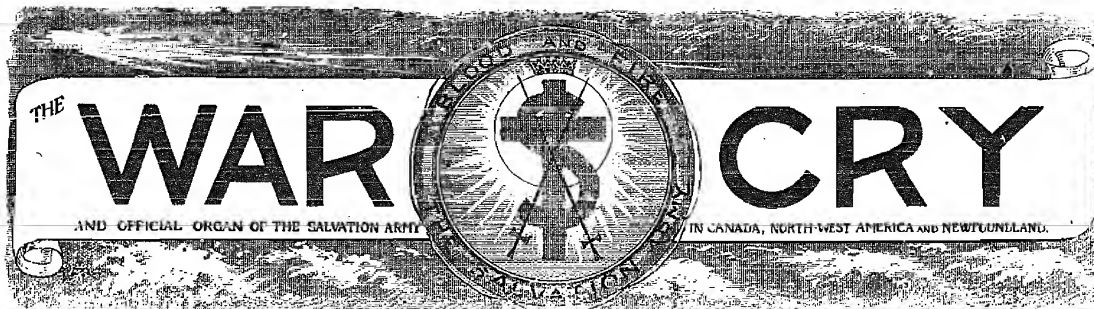
WEDNESDAY AGREEMENTS?
 JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
 PROPERTY DEEDS?
 MORTGAGES?
 INSURANCES, &
 LEGACIES?

ALL WITH YOUR

EDITORS, OR
 MORTGAGERS?

Commissioner is willing to place at
 knowledge and experience of a man

Editor (marked "Confidential"), at
 20, A. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto
 over accounts will be charged.



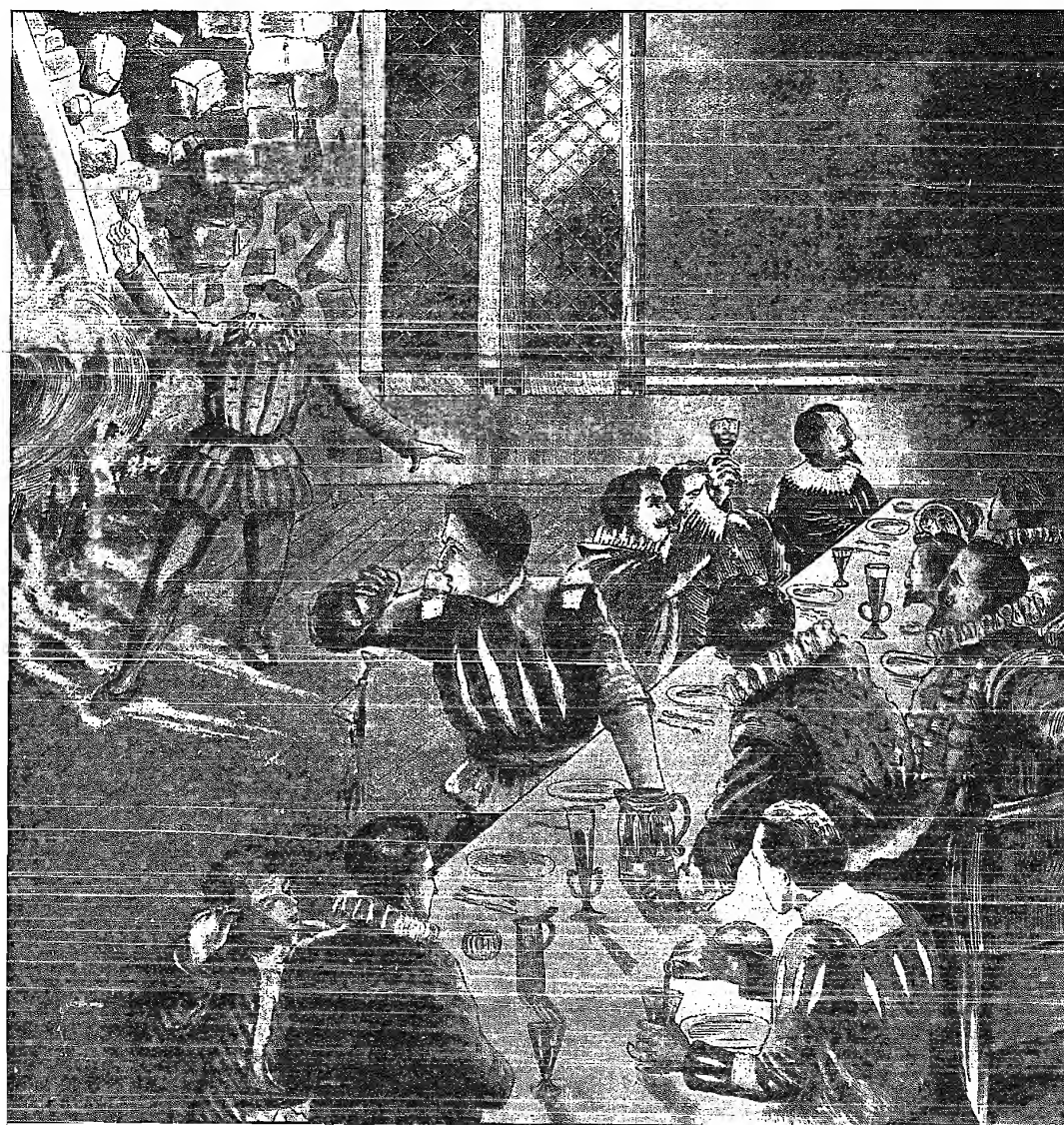
16th Year. No. 32

WILLIAM BOOTH,
 General.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
 Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



"THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY."

(See page 2.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SUBMERGED CITY.

The Sunken Port Royal, Under the Waves Over 200 Years—An Awful Day of Judgment on the Island of Jamaica.

(To our frontispiece.)

IN the beautiful harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, a few fathoms beneath the keels of the ships, sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal. A red-buoy swings and rocks in the moonlight. It marks the spot where the old city's cathedral was submerged, and where the spire still reaches nearly up to the surface. How little is known of the mysterious city beneath the waves of Kingston harbor.

The traveler who visits the capital of Jamaica should pray for clear weather, without wind. When the water of the harbor is ruffled by breezes the hidden city is obscured from view. But on a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of the phantom city may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

As One Sees Things.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object in the clear water. You can see the fishes lazily swimming in and out among the ruinedurrets, more suggestive of oaks and bats than of the funny inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets, and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women, and children carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly, and without warning, smote the prodigal city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there beneath the silent waves was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

The survivors said it was the vengeance of God, and likened it to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. And in very truth the history of the city seems to show the unceasing wrath of Divine power. From the richest city of its time, it has dwindled into insignificance, until now it is a most wretched place, used only as a naval station. Disaster after disaster has overtaken it. After the earthquake the town was re-built, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1703. On August 22nd, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by great loss of life.

City of Port Royal.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolish man of Biblical lore, which was built upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake shock came.

Previous to that fatal seventh day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or in its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivalled the prodigates of ancient Rome. Buccaneers and piracy were recognized industries. The treasures of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were leveled upon, and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway. Buccaneers revels which might put to shame the dwellers in the Orient were of nightly occurrence. There was absolutely no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revellers.

The Earth Opened.

The earth opened in great fissures and closed again like the jaws of a



The Man with the Light.

A TRANSCRIPTION OF, AND ANSWER TO, "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

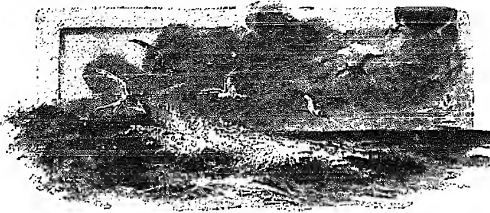
BOWED by the sins of centuries, He hangs
Upon the Cross, and saves a ruined world.
The agony of death upon His face,
And on His heart the burden of the race,
Placed there by human hands, and love supreme,
Human; divine; link between earth and heaven;
Behold the Man! Redeemer to the shape!
A Man of Sorrows. One Who knows to hope.
Kingly yet humble; Brother to the man,
Who fashioned and sent down this glorious frame?
Whose was the hand that formed this noble brow?
Whose breath made luminous this wondrous brain?

This is the ONE the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To build the stars and give the heavens their power,
To feel the passion of eternity.
This is the dream He dreamed Who built the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light
Up all the heights of heaven to its great throne
There is no life more beautiful than this,
More filled with hope and mercy for the soul,
More fraught with power to save the universe.
No gulf between Him and "the least of these."
Son of the God of Heaven, He can feel
Plato profound, and swing of Pleiades.
Span the long reaches of the peaks of song.
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose
Speak to all His and Him His Father's hand.

To this bowed form the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy an anguished Calvary shook.
Through this God-Man humanity, redeemed,
Restored, regenerate, returned to God,
Cries mercy to the Judge of all the World,
A mercy that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send forth the living messengers of God,
That ready stand, with Bibles under arm,
To save that monstrous thing your work hath wrought.
Christ ever waits to straighten up that shape,
Give back the upward-looking and the light,
Rebuild it in the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality,
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immediable woes.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Send, lest the future reckon with that man.
Answer, O Christ, his question with Thyself.
Change it, we pray Thee, to a song of praise,
Lest whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world,
Lest it go hard with kingdoms and with kings,
With those who shaped him to the thing he is,
If that dumb terror should reply to God
After the silence of the centuries.

D. H. S.



mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise as the city, built upon its foundation of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which for ever closed upon its wickedness, and will for ever keep its dread secrets. The shock came close on to mid-day. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning, the earth trembled. Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of the earth in the hidden recesses of the sea. In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, the Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors, a rector, two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:

One of the Survivors.

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of the place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the President of the Council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Boden's, whither I was invited, whose house upon the first concussion sank into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him, 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

Despite the President's assurance, he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector writes:

"I made towards Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there securest from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying-ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcases. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

History Repeats Itself.

The incident described above is by no means so isolated a one as a superficial observer would imagine. Earthquakes, floods, storms, cyclones, epidemics, plagues and wars have, from time immemorial, stricken individuals, cities, and nations when least expected. God will not be mocked. His long-suffering is great, but not unlimited. When the resources of His grace have exhausted themselves in invitations, then justice strikes the blow. The sins of man will devour him, if not forgiven. Sins against health will be punished by disease; the sins of a city will rebound upon it in fearful retribution, and nations after nation, which rose through righteousness, justice, and mercy, to power and influence, have been dashed to pieces on the rocks of pride, presumption and indulgence. God laughs at the continuity of a defiant people, and His decrees cannot be evaded.

Let us earnestly live such consistent lives of rectitude and faith that the community in which we live may be seasoned by our lives even in such seasons and preserves.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking of virtue.—Ivan Pavin.

Unsuccessful seeker after holiness, look within for the holiness. It may be that small idol—so small as to almost need a microscope to see it—that indulgence which was against your highest spirituality; that doubtful gratification; that slight omission of which conscience once spoke clearly, but now with lessening emphasis. Appear before God with perfect willingness to do His will, and faith will spring up spontaneously in your heart.

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SEARCHING AS FOR HID TREASURE.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

My son, if thou wilt receive My words,
And hide My commandments with thee;
So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
And apply thine heart to understanding;
Yea, if thou criest after knowledge,
And liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If thou seekest her as silver,
And searchest for her as for hid treasures;
THEN SHALT THOU UNDERSTAND the fear of the Lord,
And find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord giveth wisdom:

Out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.
He keepeth the path of judgment,
And preserveth the way of His saints.
Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity;
YEA, EVERY GOOD PATH.
When wisdom entereth into thine heart,
And knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul,
Discretion shall preserve thee,
To deliver thee from the way of the evil man . . .
To deliver thee from the strange woman . . .
That thou mayest walk in the ways of good men,
And keep the paths of the righteous.
For the upright shall dwell in the land . . .
But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth.

—Solomon's Proverbs, chap. ii.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITS AND GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSULS.

At the end of the Kingdom of Rome the government of the city was, as has been stated, in the hands of two executives, chosen yearly by the people and called Consuls. They were limited in their power by the Senate, a council of Patricians (nobles), chosen by the Patricians from among their number, and also including all who had been Consuls.

The Plebeians (common people) succeeded, in time, not to be shut out. The richest of them formed a body, called the Knights, who had horses like the Patricians. Under Servius Tullius also the city was divided into six tribes, in charge of a tribune, to watch over it and bring up his men to war. Further, every five years the people were numbered and divided into centuries (hundreds), each of which chose a person, who voted in

questions of peace and war. Nevertheless, the Patricians had always the greatest majority in these meetings (comitia).

The Consuls were always attended by two lictors, who carried bundles of rods tied around an axe—the first to scourge offenders, the latter to behead criminals. Two judges tried offenders, two questors attended public buildings, and two censors numbered and registered the people.

The priests were also chosen from among the patricians. As a whole, the Romans were very religious and grave, according to their notions of religion and duty.

Only free-born Romans were allowed to wear a toga, which was a long white woollen garment, with purple edging. Boys wore a short tunic until the age of seventeen, when they became of age and received their toga, as well as an individual name.

As a rule the Romans were not rich. They had their own farm, which they cultivated with the aid of their sons and slaves. The Plebeians leased their land from the Patricians, also owned many shops in Rome.

Marriages were celebrated with a sacrifice, and by the giving of a ring. The bride was then led over the bridegroom's threshold, where a sheepskin was spread, to signify that she should spin the garments for her husband and family.

Each man was absolute master of his own house, and held the life and death of his adult sons in his hands.

The Romans were not only brave, but also perfectly obedient to their fathers, their officers, their magistrates, and their gods (as the priests interpreted to them), and hence came their greatness as a nation.

(To be continued.)

Bitter Words.

It is not only acts and deeds that retain their life and force and power; it is words also.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead.
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

Few things rankle and poison the springs of charity and good fellowship like bitter, harsh, unjust, provocative words. An adjective is sometimes the sufficient spark for the tinder. It seems sometimes as if the first virtue in public life will be the single virtue of a civil tongue. An admirable story is told of a peasant who came once to his old monks and asked to be taught one of the Psalms. The monk chose for him the Psalm which begins, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having heard that verse the peasant rose up and went away, saying that before he went any further he would try and practice it. But the story concludes he never came back again, never hav-

ing succeeded in living up to the first verse. "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." It will be an excellent motto for statesmen, politicians, journalists, ministers of religion; nay, is there any class among us that has not reason to remember that after thoughtless, unkind, or unjust speech we look for healing, but behold dismay?—Rev. C. Silvester Home, M.A.

Seeming Contradictions.

Human action does not always evidence its purpose—much less does God's. The man who is going to rear a lofty edifice begins by digging into the earth. Descent is the first essential of the firm and enduring ascent. So God seems to us, in our shortness of sight and lack of information, often to move in a direction contrariwise to His supposed purpose. He wants His cause to go forward, and His forthwith takes away its leading exponent. To him who believes in the all-wisdom and infinite beneficence of God, these seemingly inexplicable dispositions ought to be the best evidence that there is a distinct purpose in it. If the explanation seemed sure and easy to man, there might be some doubt about its being correct. Looking at the infinite, the inexplicable is its own sufficient explanation. It is the best evidence of God's righteous purpose for the creatures of His love.

EASTER ENGAGEMENTS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin Visit Lippincott, Fenelon Falls and Lindsay.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

LIPPINCOTT.—Adj. Desbriay had arranged a very nice song service, entitled "Manger to Throne," interspersed with Bible readings, setting forth the life of Christ from His birth at Bethlehem to His ascension. Prof. Wiggins ably presided at the piano, songs were rendered by Mrs. Gaskin, Staff-Capt. Creighton, and Bro. Patterson. Bible readings by Brigadier Gaskin, Adj. Desbriay and others. The Brigadier wound up with a good straight salvation talk.

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FENELON FALLS.—Leaving Toronto early Saturday morning, we journeyed on to Lindsay. At Lindsay, Capt. Liston, smiling and happy, boarded the train and informed us that they had had nice meetings on Good Friday. Further down the line a good Baptist friend entered into conversation with us. He told us how much he admired the Army, and what good work had been done in his town. We reached Lindsay about noon, where we were met by Ensign Yerex, who was booked for the weekend at Lindsay.

After dinner with Adj. Fox, we resumed our journey to Fenelon Falls. On the train was a Lindsay G. B. M. Agent, busy with her box, collecting room seat to seat, and from the merry battle of the coins in the lock, we concluded that she gathered a nice little sum towards helping the good Salvation work.

The Sisters Howcroft, smilingly social, gave us an abundant welcome to their pretty little town. The Saturday night's open-air meeting was real good. Thirty-two soldiers were on the march. Inside we had a singing and crowd, nearly filling the hall. A good meeting resulted.

Killed off Sunday morning was attended by 17, and it was a time of refreshing, as was the holiest meeting later on. While Mrs. Gaskin sang and the Brigadier spoke, tears filled many eyes, and one said, "I have never known the blessing of a clean heart."

The Brigadier visited the Juniors in the afternoon, and questioned the children on and illustrated the lesson, which was much enjoyed. Twenty-four soldiers were on the march. The inside meeting in the afternoon was really grand. Singing and testimony followed each other in rapid succession. There was life, there was hope, there was a real earnestness. The spirit of God was with us, and a really splendid meeting was held.

The night open-air meeting was a revelation. We held a splendid meeting outside Brocks' Hotel. The rain was funnel of soldiers. This was a splendid meeting, as there are only 100 soldiers on the roll, and many of the soldiers have a long distance to come. The inside meeting at night was a time of great power. The people listened with great attention. The power of God came down on the meeting. Conviction's arrow pierced deep. Sin was uncovered. Christ was lifted up. Heads were bowed, and tears flowed. A splendid opportunity for a meeting was to be had on condition by the shining of the dewdrops. One precious soul sought and found salvation.

Fenelon Falls is doing well. Capt. and Lieut. Howcroft, the commanding officers, are loved and respected by all classes. The address was a heavy rainy crowd.

LINDSAY. Having struggled with that enemy of mankind, the Grippe, through three days, and feeling a little weary after the heavy meetings of Sunday, we made out way to our next appointment, Lindsay. Adj. Fox, the enterprising and energetic commanding officer, had well announced our meeting tickets had been sold, a special address was to be given, so we made arrangements for filling the bill as best we could.

It was quite cheering to hear that Ensign Yerex's meetings on the Sunday were seasons of great blessing. Open-air and inside meetings were well attended. Fifteen at three-thirty, and good finances.

Monday night our meeting in the open-air on the main street was surrounded by a mixed crowd of men and women, who listened intently to the testimonies of the soldiers, and with almost breathless silence while Mrs. Gaskin sang, "God is near thee." The inside meeting was good. The inimitable Capt. Brant gave an address. Eva Gaskin soloed. Mrs. Gaskin sang and spoke, and the Brigadier gave an address. The meeting was intensely spiritual. The spirit of conviction sat upon the people, and one soul came to the feet of Jesus. The income, over \$8, was considered by the Adjutant excellent.

On Tuesday we journeyed back to Toronto. In the car we overheard a young lady remarking on the Easter Cry, saying it was simply elegant.

WHAT THE Women's Social Department IS DOING.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.
The Event of the Week.

Of the many interesting events of the past few days in the Women's Social Department, the opening of the Evangeline Home in Toronto is the most important. We have never, in the ten years of our children's work in the Queen City, had adequate accommodation in which to receive the numbers of destitute little ones who have come to us for shelter. 600 have been cared for, but with our increased facilities we shall be able to render home protection, love and training to a much larger number.

A heavy downpour deprived many citizens of the opportunity of being present, but all who faced the unpropitious night declared themselves delighted with the Home. Our much-valued old friends were represented by Mrs. Turk and Staff-Insp. for Archibald, who spoke strong, helpful words, while Mr. Alderman Urquhart, Rev. Mr. George, and Dr. Gilmore for the first time in Toronto publicly endorsed the Army Social work, and gave us the benefit and influence of their presence. We are grateful to all these gentlemen for the time spared from their public duties, and the words spoken, which will bring blessing and inspiration in after days.

Vancouver's Municipal Recognition.

Again we have to record the recognition of the Rescue work by civil authorities. This time it is Vancouver which comes to the front with Municipal Grant towards the initial expense of the Home. This is all the more appreciated as it is the first time the Women's Social Department has received a municipal subsidy for prospective work. Citizens of all classes are rendering Adj. Jordan heartiest cooperation in her work, and the Home is now an established fact.

The Vancouver Daily Province says: "All those who are interested in the good work of the Rescue Home are invited to visit the new quarters at 1021 Hornby Street, where they will be cordially greeted by the Maroon. Mrs. Jordan. The house is a large one and Mrs. Jordan has not enough furniture at present to fill all the rooms, but waits patiently for the donations, which she feels certain she will receive as people become interested. The house has been recently papered in bright colors, and is admirably located to receive all the sunshine that is drench out at Vancouver. Those who seek shelter within these walls cannot help but look upon the privilege of being an inmate of so bright a Home as an opportunity to be made the most of. This form of Rescue work is worthy of the most earnest encouragement."

Ottawa and Barrie.

It was my pleasure to visit these two northern towns a few days ago. Ottawa's meeting was a bright, semi-social one in the barracks, which was well filled. Barrie's was a Social service in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. McLeod presided. There was a very good attendance, much interest manifested, and a nice offering for the work.

[Evening Telegram.]

To Care for Little Tots.

NEW HOME FOR CHILDREN.

Official Opening of the "Evangeline Home" by the Salvation Army—What the Speakers Said of Rescue Work.

Last night was the formal opening of the Salvation Army's new home for children, which is to be known as the "Evangeline Home." It is situated at 68 Farley Ave., near Esther St., being the old barracks on that site, so improved as not to be recognized as the same structure. The Home is laid out on one floor, and consists of bed rooms, playroom, kitchen, reception room, and dining room. Everything speaks of simplicity, comfort and cleanliness. There are now only 17 children in the Home, but it is expected that it will soon be full, as there is accommodation for 40. The "Evangeline Home" is intended to fill a gap between the Infants' Home and the Boys and Girls' Homes, and children are received principally between the ages of 2 and 5 years. The inmates consist mostly of children of widows, widowers, deserted wives, and men undergoing penal servitude, and also a number of illegitimate children. For the care of some of the children the sum of \$1 per week is received, it being estimated that the cost per capita will come to \$40 per annum.

The Home is in charge of Captain Crocker, who has under her four helpers.

The inauguration service took place in the spacious dining room, where about thirty interested citizens and ministers and was presided over by Ald. Urquhart, in the absence of Mayor Macdonald.

The First Speaker

was Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Women's Social Work. She traced the steady progress of the Salvation Army Home from its inception, ten years ago, in the little house on Sordland Street, since when nearly 600 children had been cared for. "The children," she said, "are undergoing Christian influence here, and at their tender age they are easily led towards God. The Home now receives 2 cents per capita a day from the Government, but next year we will appeal to the City Council through the present we have no debts," she warned Ald. Urquhart.

Adj. Page then read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner, Evangeline Booth.

Rev. Mr. George declared that the Salvation Army is in touch with the life of today. "There are some things in the Army that the Presbyterian Church doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian Church that the Army doesn't like. So I suppose we are quits. The Salvation Army makes a noise, but they have to do it in the quarrying, and the Army work in the Rescue Branch is the noisiest Christ work I can think of." He gave an account of four years' slumming in the city of Edinburgh, and told how the hand-to-hand fighting of the Salvation Army was surely telling. "I don't know what the city fathers do with their money," he concluded, "but they should give some of it to the Salvation Army."

Praise from the Warden.

Dr. Gilmore, warden of the Central Prison, was loud in his praises of the Army. "The Salvation Army does a work in the Central Prison that no other church in the city does," he declared in speaking of the boys who went through his hands at the prison. He said that the majority are there through hereditary weakness, or bad early training—the latter being the principal cause. "I don't believe in reformatories for boys. It is impossible to think that a boy can be reformed by closing him for a number of years with 200 or 300 boys like him. I am not condemning reformatory officials, but the system. It would be more profitable for the city, I thought, to devote even as much as \$150 per year per capita to rescuing children, than to guard against and punish them later as criminals."

Most Rescue.

Staff-Insp. Archibald, of the Morality Department, sympathizes strongly with the Salvation Army.

"Sometimes I am doubtful as to whether I should continue in my present official position, or identify myself altogether with the Army," Referring to the Army work, he said, "The home is the place to start. We must rescue the children, and the fault at most invariably lies with the parent." He then gave an account of his dealings with criminals, "from the highest to the lowest classes." It is his conviction that it is almost impossible to find a convert among old criminals.

Rev. Mr. Turk believed that the salvation of children is the great solution of the social problem.

Ald. Urquhart and Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, spoke briefly on rescue work.



CAPT. SHERWIN and LIEUT. GRAVETT
Ottawa, Ont.



THE TALENTS.

Matth. xxv. 14-30.

The whole purport of this parable is to impress upon all a sense of their individual responsibility in the sight of God for their use or misuse of life and its possibilities.

The false doctrine which shunts all responsibility of the creature onto the Creator is always more or less prevalent. It is a convenient belief for the man who wants to quiet his conscience while he allows himself to be ruled by his own selfish desires and evil passions. When such a man finds himself in a tight place by reason of his sin, he blames his circumstances, his friends, his cares, his sorrows, in fact, he blames everything but the cause. When taken to task on account of wrong-doing, men of this stamp have even pleaded that they are as bad as the others, and charge their wickedness onto their Maker. The talents which God has given are stolen for selfish interests and squandered, heedless of the possibilities which might result from their proper use.

But all such unjust stewardship God will assuredly bring into account at the great and final day of reckoning, when, out of His infinite knowledge of our capacity, we shall be rewarded according to our work.

In the case of the unprofitable servant, we learn that it is positive sin to possess a talent and not use it. How often, when dealing with men about their responsible position in sin, he blames his circumstances, his friends, his cares, his sorrows, in fact, he blames everything but the cause. When taken to task on account of wrong-doing, men of this stamp have even pleaded that they are as bad as the others, and charge their wickedness onto their Maker. The talents which God has given are stolen for selfish interests and squandered, heedless of the possibilities which might result from their proper use.

Alas! for the talents wrapped up and laid away which were bestowed for the world's blessing. This is the time to use them, to develop them, and devote them to the service of God and the world. To-morrow they may be required of us.



Staff-Capt. St. Inc.

It was a few commencement berries. Refugees from the town from trials, and for the titles were at the disposal of this. Presently, no t. manse, a local fluty of general. "All who hold forward." The spouse.

"All Who Don't"

"The world Wesley, and Ensign Kiddie, one of Kimberley eye-witness to with ailed.

"And, glory be behind me!" g the hungry or thousand souls twinkling, and marched them and provided accommodation authorities were relieve him of.

This is only costing inclosed. Killers has been from Kimberley Army, through done nobly right above ground and Ensign Kiddie solved the on few representatives qualified to judge.

Some Pre

Marvelous in capes of hell. Our No. 1, but line of five, 8 in weight left but the only d about three sh on the roof of quarters adjoi injured. Mrs. on one occasion yard with one a shell passed fell within a f was standing.

An infant d was enlisted up. At the outset, the South, but this problem, officers had d matus were e and during th fell in the in flating officer ing the coffin lives to a ph.

Stories of a are told by every direct seems to have and there is death or inju.

The Death of

We innoce young officer Van der West break of hosti by the Boer f us that this Modern Rive but no detail work here in the utmost previous to Westhuizen Senekel, O. I.

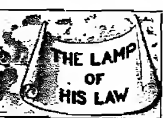
Cadet Ilite at Simon's t ing explant mother. Bro which it apperative but deered. It he is in a f.

I am doubtful as to whether I should continue in my present position, or identify myself with the Army." Referring to his work, he said, "The place to start, we must begin with the children, and the first of these is the parent." He gave an account of his work with the children, "from the lowest classes." It is in that it is almost impossible to convert among old criminals.

Turk believed that the children are the great social problem. He said that Colonel Jacobs, who spoke briefly on the



WIN and LIEUT. GRAVETT
Orlita, Ont.



THE TALENTS.

U. XXV. 14-30.

purpose of this parable upon all a sense of their responsibility in the sight of God, and of the use or misuse of the talents.

parable which shunts all of the creature upon the days more or less prevalent belief for the time to quiet his conscience and himself to be ruled by his desires and evil passions a man finds himself in a position of his own making, his sorrows—in fact, everything but the cause, to task on account of men of this stamp have that they are as God and charge their wicked Maker. The talents are given are stolen for and squandered, responsibilities which might be proper use.

which just stewardship bring into account and final day of reckoning of His infinite knowledge, we shall be held to our work. of the unprofitable servant that it is positive sin and not use it, in dealing with men responsible position in have they returned the talent. I don't in any harm. I likened such cowardly a apple tree which has ardent's care and at a return does nothing. would it be for the apple tree it has done no harm in the orchard. If bears no fruit the only "cut it down." Of use is untrue to itself, to live a life apart from God, whose influence some harm, but even if it would not pass the scrutiny of the expects something more than a negative at I only recognize a positive

talents wrapped up which were bestowed blessing. This is the em, to develop them, to the service of God. To-morrow they may us.



Staff-Capt. Stevens and Capt. Ashman Take up the Tale—Some Incidents from Kimberley, and Notes from Capt. Ashman's Diary.

It was a few hours only before the commencement of the Siege of Kimberley. Refugees were pouring into the town from all the outlying districts, and for the moment the authorities were at their wits' end as to the disposal of this crowd of humanity. Presently, as the refugees were on mass, a local man with a superiority of generosity, exclaimed:

"All who belong to my church step forward." There was a feeble response.

"All Who Don't Belong to Any Church!"

"The world is my parish," said Wesley, and to the same spirit Ensign Kiddle, the commanding officer of Kimberley, who had been an eye-witness to the above scene, forthwith acted.

"And, glory be to God, all who don't belong to any church at all, just step behind me!" shouted the Ensign to the hungry crowd. Close upon a thousand souls were at his back in a twinkling, and without more ado he marched them off to the local barracks and provided for their support and accommodation until such time as the authorities were able to step in and relieve him of his burden.

This is only one of the many interesting incidents that Commissioner Kiddle has brought back with him from Kimberley. Yes, the Salvation Army, through some of its officers, has done nobly right through the siege, both above ground and under ground, and Ensign Kiddle at least has received the commendation of not a few representative folk who are well qualified to judge of his services.

Some Providential Escapes.

Marvelous indeed have been the escapes of both officers and soldiers. Our No. 1 barracks was in the direct line of fire. Shells a hundred pounds in weight fell in front and all around, but the only damage is the removal of about three sheets of corrugated iron on the roof of the building. The quarters adjoining also remained unharmed. Mrs. Ensign Kiddle was, on one occasion, engaged to the back yard with one of her children, when a shell passed just over her head and fell within a foot or two of where she was standing.

An infant died, and Mrs. Capt. Cass was called upon to conduct the funeral. At the outset, it was difficult to obtain a coffin, but Mrs. Cass quickly solved this problem, as other South African officers had done before her. The remains were conveyed to the cemetery, and during the burial service a shell fell in the immediate vicinity, necessitating the officers and attendants deserting the coffin, and running for their lives to a place of safety.

Stories of most providential escapes are told by scores of comrades. In every direction God's protecting arm seems to have surrounded our soldiers, and there is but one single case of death or injury to record.

The Death of Capt. Van Der Westhuizen.

We lament the loss of a promising young officer in the person of Capt. Van der Westhuizen, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, was commended by the Boer forces. News has reached us that this comrade was killed at Modder River, on the 17th February, but no details are yet to hand. Van der Westhuizen has two sisters in the work here in South Africa, for whom the utmost sympathy is felt. Just previous to the war, Capt. Van der Westhuizen was in command of Scout No. 1.

Cadet Ellen, who is a Boer prisoner at Simon's Town, has sent an interesting explanatory letter to his training mother, Staff-Capt. McEwan, from which it appears that he had no alternative but to fight, being commanded, His wound is healing, and he is in a fair way to recovery. He

is well saved and happy, and eager for work. Meanwhile he has asked for a Bible, which has been duly forwarded to him, and as soon as possible he will be visited.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

The Other Side of the Tugela.

"This is the first opportunity I have had to let you have a line since leaving Belmont (writes Capt. Ashman). I think the last week has been the most trying of the whole campaign. I did not get to the brigade until Tuesday afternoon. On arriving at Chieveley I began to rain, and I had eighteen miles to trudge, and what with the sack and the chair, I was properly tired and wet through before I had gone five miles.

It was all through long grass, and nearly all the way over one's ankles in water, and at times up to the knees. When I began to get dark I came across a wagon, and so got down under it, and I did not get to sleep, I was too wet and cold.

Under fire for Two Days and Nights.

Found our men on a hill called Monte Cristo, and got my first glimpse of Ladysmith in the distance; since then we have been fighting continuously, and have had a very rough time; for two days and nights we were under fire the whole time, having to keep under cover. The Boer Scouts, however, I am sorry to say, lost a number of officers wounded, one killed, and about a hundred men. As far as I know, none of our lads have been killed. We had an armistice all day yesterday to get in the wounded and bury the dead.

Our men have now been fighting for twelve days continuously, not having a wash the whole time.

Near Pieters, February 28th.—Just as we were preparing to lie down last night we had orders to move, but only went about two miles, and then our damp night in the open. This morning we have advanced fully five or six miles, and are awaiting orders to move again now. This morning I have seen Johnson, Smith, Leonard, and Green, of our lads. I hear Whiteley, of the Queen's, is sick in one of the hospitals.

Some Awful Sights.

Have been going through the Boer trenches, and have seen some awful sights—parts of a hand here, etc., etc. There were also two or three women buried within twenty yards of where I am writing this. Several women have been found dead in the trenches with handkerchiefs on. The most painful sight was a woman lying in the trenches dying, trying to the last to

look after her tiny baby. For several days it must have been impossible for these in the trenches to have been relieved. The dying and the dead were lying side by side.

The trenches were mostly from three to four feet wide and about six feet deep. Often the walls were made of the immense rocks found on the kopjes. During the day the men noticed a Boer sitting on the ground apparently cooking. On approaching, they found he was dead, sitting, preparing a meal. He had been killed by a bullet. There he sat, with one arm stretched towards the ashes of the late fire—dead.



BLOEMFONTEIN.

The Boers left hurriedly, leaving a lot of stuff, and some forts standing. Attempting to celebrate Majuba Day, they had a large supply of stores down. One sergeant found twenty-nine jam tarts.

He Enters Ladysmith.

March 2nd.—Ladysmith is relieved at last, thank God! I am standing up to write this as I simply poured all last night, and we are all in a pretty state. I can tell you: drenched is not the word. I have seen Thros, Darwin, Howes, and all our lads here.

We do not go into Ladysmith until to-morrow, I believe, as they have no camping-ground for us, and we will not get our tents for at least a week.

I will not try to describe what we have gone through the last three days, or the sights we have seen, but will wait till later. I have to stop every five minutes or so to walk up and down to get warm. It is nearly 5:30 a.m. now.

March 3rd.—To-day we entered Ladysmith—four months to a day since it was cut off. Ladysmith Garrison lined the roads and received us with cheer after cheer, till, tired out, the weakest were obliged to sit down. Don't picture us going through spleen and span, as the Guards at Windsor, because it was no such thing! The men were anything and everything: some were shoeless, others coatless, or nearly so. As I walked along by the regiment there were many exclamations of, "Salvation Army!" "Fancy Salvation Army here!"—M. Ashman, Capt.

I think God I have done my duty.—Nelson.



MARCHING IN A SOUTH AFRICAN SAND-STORM.
(The use of a traction engine is also illustrated in this picture.)

A Letter from One of Our Leaguers now on the South African Battlefield.

South Africa,
Feb. 17th, 1900.

My Dearest Mother:—

You cannot tell how delighted I was to receive your loving and cheering letter, nor how it cheered me. I was so down-hearted and cut up. It arrived just after our battle of Slingsfontein. This occurred Monday, 12th. The Boers attacked Wagon Kopje at about 2:30 a.m., just as the moon

went down in terribly large numbers. Our force was E. Company and C. Company. The enemy attacked E. Company first, sent kettles up in front of them with blankets and crackers, so they say, and the Boers fired between their legs. Our men were not strong enough for them. They gained the summit of the hill where six of our men were posted. They killed four, severely wounding the other two. There were thousands of rounds fired. It was pitch dark. A Company lay on the next hill, about fifty or one hundred yards further on. We kept up a terrible fire for hours, all day. From dawn till dark, about thirteen or fourteen hours. There were hundreds fired at my singular, the Boers saw me go in, and

The Bullets Whistled all Around Me.

I can tell you, dear mother, it was a near shave for me; but our God did not see fit that I should be hurt, praise Him for evermore! I can say, "I love Him best of all," and if He sees fit, He will be done. I believe He will take me home.

Our force was not strong enough. After our Company held them in check all day we returned to Slingsfontein. No rations or water could be got near us all day. The poor men were parched. After all that suffering they had an hour's rest. Then we had to march from there to Rensburg, a distance of about thirteen miles. Oh, how tired we were you could not imagine, dear mother.

I am so sorry myself, and after getting all my master's things packed, I was just going to lie down, when we were ordered to fall in. You can guess how I was fairly done up. Oh, dear mother, it is a trying time! When the body gets so tired,

How the Old Man Can Tell,

and he tries you every way, so that you shall give in. It is hard sometimes, when tired out: it makes the spirit tired too! But, hallelujah! I know all this time He is near me to guide me through all temptation, and harm. I trust Him with my all to do as He wills. After walking a long way, I got a ride on a gun-carriage the rest, so you see how He helped me.

I will tell you more about this place. I will give a few details of the time from Herenda to our home, and also of the time out here. We had a lovely young house, meetings almost every night. Rev. Sunshine is so sick, poor lad! We were nine days in England, and saw Major Allen twice. It was so cold, frost and snow. I spent almost all the time in the hospital, and pneumonia at sea, two since we came here. They would not give us an hour's leave to go home. One of my sisters came to see me: the others could not, being ill.

I must close now, will write more to-morrow. It is late, and I have to get up at 4 a.m. We have not had our clothes off since we arrived of the front. Good-night. God bless you much. J. W.



Terse Topics.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE SKIES.

Patriotism is a remarkable thing. For its sake some of the most daring deeds which history records have been attempted. In its cause have incalculable sacrifices been expended, and for its interests men have not hesitated to risk, to lose, if needs be, to die. At the moment over Great Britain and her Colonies a tidal wave of patriotic feeling has passed. The clash of steel and shower of shot have re-awakened this sentiment slumbering in the breasts of most men, and the very children are decking themselves with patriotic hedges and buttons, and mingling their hurrahs with deeper shouts of loyalty. In this, as in every other phase of feeling which comes over the life of the people, is there no significance for us who are the children of a Heavenly Kingdom and the sworn soldiers of the flag of the world's salvation? An abridged dictionary simply describes a patriot as a lover of his country, and we will take this explanation as sufficient—real love for any cause is a guarantee of sacrifice and service. We can but ask ourselves as we look on the enthusiasm which lights the faces of men as they speak of their country's honor, whether our zeal is as hot for the credit of our Heavenly Citizenship. Do we so love the Kingdom of God that we are as jealous for its interests as for our own, and reckon hardship, or tears, or self-denial, as less than nothing that its advance may be promoted by and in us? God help us not to lag behind in zealous devotion the exponents of an earthly cause.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. xii. 11.

Precious Blood! By this we conquer in the dearest fight; Sin and Satan overcoming By its might.

MONDAY.—"I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

All earthly love is as a thread of gold. Most fair, but what the touch of time may sever; But His a cable sure, of strength untold— Oh, His love loveth ever!

TUESDAY.—"Above all, taking the shield of faith."—Eph. vi. 16. Looking unto Jesus, never need we yield! Over all the armor, Faith, the battle-shield!

WEDNESDAY.—"He knoweth."—Ps. ciii. 14.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary, Knows the weakness of our frame, Knows that hand and heart are weary— He, in all points, felt the same.

THURSDAY.—"Who teacheth like Him."—Joh. xxi. 22. This strange, sad world is but our Father's school; All chance and change His love shall grandly over-rule.

FRIDAY.—"Ye shall be satisfied."—Job ii. 28.

A little while thy course pursue, Till grace to glory grows; Then what I am and what I do, Hereafter thou shalt know.

SATURDAY.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

Look on to this, Through all perplexities of grief and strife To this, thy true maturity of life, Thy crowning bliss; That such high gift thy holy power may be, And for such service high, thy God prepare thee.

THE PRICE OF Looking Back.

Bitterly she shut the window and turned to meet her husband. His slow, uncertain step was already upon the stairs, accompanied by the thick, broken utterance of a snatch of a music-hall song. Suddenly the singing ceased; a muttered oath, the sound of one trying to find the next step, and then a scream of terror, as with a frightful lurch the drunken man fell backwards down the long flight, his head knocking against each stair till the last terrible crash echoed in the hall. Then all was still. It happened in a few seconds. As soon as she heard Geoffrey miss his footing, Alice's door was flung open, and with feverish haste she ran out, only in time to kneel beside the prostrate heap in the hall. His position of huddled helplessness made her hasten to raise her husband's head and look in the set, glazed eyes. Then one long heart-rending woman's scream rang through the house, bringing the servants hurrying in terror to the spot. There was no longer any room for hope that a wife's influence might work a reformation, and the light of the woman's life seemed to go out as she saw the bitter end of her self-seeking. Alice's idol, the price of her peace, the object of her infatuated early love, the drunken husband of her later years, had gone to meet his God!

"Master Geoffrey and Master Phil, your mamma wants you!" Two bright little lads in sailor suits looked up from their play in delight; time spent with their beautiful mother was always the brightest of the day. So their curls were tilted, and, hand-in-hand, they walked down the staircase to their mother's room. Geoffrey showed some disposition to slide down the banisters, but his brother checked him with a very loud "Hark!" "Geoff, don't you remember that poor papa's dead, and mamma's been crying awful? I think it would hurt her for us to be romping on the stairs to-day; it was just at the foot here where papa fell, Geoff, wouldn't it be awful if you fell down dead now?" "Oh, but papa was what nurse calls 'shaky on his legs'—that's why he fell. I'm quite safe. I suppose that when we get old, like poor papa, we shall get shaky too."

"Never, God helping me!" said a voice behind them. "I want you both to come in here," and Mrs. Leighton opened the door on the landing, putting her arms around her little sons as she did so. Somehow the room they entered seemed the stillest they had ever been in. On the long, white bed there lay something stiller yet, and instinctively both boys shrank back. They had never seen death before.

"Don't be afraid, darlings," said their mother gently. "I want you to come and kiss papa. It is only his poor body, you know, that lies here—the papa who used to love and kiss you his own way." Oh, the agony that welled up into Alice's heart as she thought she dare not surmise where he had gone to.

She had brought her little sons into the death-chamber for a purpose, and that to make an appeal to their con-

science in the presence of their father's wrecked remains. When her husband's life had been quenched so suddenly her sorrow had been intense, for all the old affection she had ever felt for him seemed to return in stronger and wiser force. But as she looked on the awful end of the man she might have influenced for good, had she but kept true to her vows, there came the thought, "What about the boys?" It looked like an inspiration to hope and effort in that dark hour. An evil whisper told her, at the same time, that it would be useless harrowing the boys' feelings, and that to try to save them from their father's curse was an impossibility, since they would have the same nature, and inherit the same fate. But with a firmness of resolve that she had never had once during all those ten years of her married life, Alice thrust the temptation from her, saying, "I will do my utmost. My mistaken marriage did not help me to save my husband. I failed in that—alas! that I was so foolish. I must save my boys!"

As they stood in that quiet death-chamber, the mother told the awestruck children why she had brought them there.

"Geoffrey and Phil, listen to me: I've died through drink. You did not know that, when you saw him come home stumbling, his steps were unsteady because he had drunk so much brandy and spirits. Ever since I knew your father, boys, strong drink was his besetting sin, and it is that which has led to his death now. Drink has hurt your mother an unhappy woman; drink has made your father's shame a by-word among all who know him—it has brought all the sorrow into this house. Now, boys, I want you to promise me that this awful curse that has ruined the life of your dear father shall never pass your lips."

"Mamma, I couldn't ever drink a drop after this," said little Phil, kneeling and looking into her sorrowful face, down which the bitter drops of anguish were slowly falling.

"And Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey's eyes were fastened on the still, white face of his drink-cursed father.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed brokenly, "I'll swear to you, if you like, never to touch it—the cruel, cruel thing that took away papa."

"No, my boys, I don't want you to swear to me—you must make your promise to God. Trying to overcome and keep from evil in your own strength, and with all your good resolves, will not hold you from this curse; don't make the same mistake that I did. Yes, your mother might have helped your father to conquer this thing long ago, but she did not choose God's way of doing it, and His strength was not the arm she leant on. Tears washed the finish of the sentence away—the recollection of the despairing helplessness of the arm of flesh which she had chosen instead was more than she could bear."

"Mamma!" said little Phil, "if only God can help us not to live and die like poor papa—hadn't we better ask Him to now?"

The child's words came like the whisper of Alice's past better life, and, kneeling down, with each hand clasping a hand of her sons, she prayed the first whole-hearted prayer that she had breathed for ten years. When she had finished, the twins prayed, each in his own childish way, and with a clinging faith, as well as passionate promise, that brought one ray of hope to the mourner's heart.

But before they rose from their knees there was one other petition to burst from the broken-hearted mother's lips.

"O God, take me—Thy wandering child—take me back again!"

And in the presence of the awful dead, and of those two tear-stained, trembling children, God, in His unending mercy, heard and answered the

backslider's cry, and Alice Leighton went from that death-chamber conscious that her sin was under the Blood.

But forgiveness is not restitution. Although the woman's sin was pardoned, the consequences of that sin were not removed. Alice's repentance came too late to recall the lost soul of the man whom she once might have saved—whether it has come too late to prevent little Geoffrey and Phil the future alone will reveal.—A. L. P.

What a Soldier x Should Know.

The Army's Principles for the Evangelization of Native Races.

Salvation Army principles, pure and simple, with an extra pinch of adaptation thrown in, are our hope for the salvation of the heathen. Not, however, adaptation of the sort which merely consists of changing one's clothes and food, but adaptation that carries with it a whole-hearted recognition and observance of the Scripture truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations." The success of the Army in India, in Japan, and among other native races, is attributable to the genuine, unforced spirit of fraternization with the people manifested, and it is on the maintenance of this spirit, among both European and high-class Indian officers, in conjunction with the world-wide principles of the Army—more especially those of self-support and self-protection—on which we confidently rely for greater and greater victories, till the millions of India, and other benighted lands, are won for God.

Does the Army Believe in the Doctrine of "Final Perseverance of the Saints?"

No. We believe that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be finally lost. The promises of blessing, the exhortations, the warnings of the Scriptures, all go to show that we must be "faithful unto death." "He that first shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." To say that every saint will be finally saved, whether he perseveres in holiness or sin—to say that although he shall have fallen ever so often he will be certainly restored in the end and taken to heaven—discredits the responsibility which God has unalterably fastened to the career of every man.

SAVING THE WORLD.

A Soldier's Song.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Time—Stand like the brave.

A world of rebellion
Our Jesus defied;
His soldiers, they faltered;
For others He died.
When God raised our General,
Who Blood and Fire waved,
And said he'd never fail it
Till all men were saved.

Chorus.

Saving the world,
Saving the world,
Saving the world,
By the Blood and the Fire!

Heaven-born is our mission,
The wide world our field
We hold a commission
Our Saviour's Blood sealed,
How sacred our duty,
And solemn our call,
We follow our Captain,
We'll fight till we fall.

We care not though foes
May be crowding our track;
Earth, hell, and all devils
Shall ne'er keep us back.
King Jesus is leading,
We trust in His might;
So down with the wrong,
And up with the right!

If ready for battle,
With me take your stand;
If ready to suffer,
At Jesus' command,
If ready for conquest,
Dark millions to win,
Then fix every bayonet,
And help me to slay—

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GAZETTE.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Captain Sam Clark, who came out of Bonavista in 1895, last stationed at Channel, 48, promoted to Glory from Bonavista on March 18th, 1900.

APPOINTMENTS—

MAJOR McMILLAN, resting, to West Ontario Province, as Provincial Officer.

MAJOR COLLIER, Financial Secretary, to be Assistant General Secretary.

MAJOR TURNER, Chancellor of the C. O. P., to be Assistant Provincial Officer.

STAFF-CAPT. STANYON, General Secretary's Office, to be Chancellor for the C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD to Territorial Headquarters for special work of Financial and Men's Social affairs, under the Territorial Secretary.

ADJT. FRAZER, Moncton District, to Halifax Corps and District.

ADJT. CRICHTON, Windsor District, to Moncton Corps and District.

ADJT. McLEAN, Halifax District, to Windsor Corps and District.

ADJT. McNAMARA, Charlottetown District, to St. John I. Corps and Garrison.

ADJT. KENDALL, Belleville District, to Kingston Corps and District.

ADJT. BARR, Fargo District, to Winnipeg Corps and District.

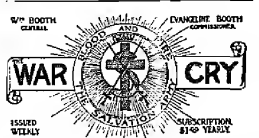
ENSIGN TAYLOR, Valley City Corps, to Calgary Corps and District.

ENSIGN BURTON, Calgary District, to Fargo Corps and District.

ENSIGN BAILE, C. O. P., Provincial Headquarters, to Brantford Corps and District.

ENSIGN GRHAM, St. John I. Corps and Garrison, to Charlottetown Corps and P. E. I. District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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All notices to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

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Women's Social Work.

The excellent administration of the Women's and Children's Social Work by the Commissioner's Secretary for that branch, Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read, has found general acknowledgment in many circles, and deserves every recognition. The opening of the Evangeline Home for Children at Toronto (see report on page 12) marks another step in the steady advance in the department spoken of. May many of the boys and girls passing through the Home be the better fitted for the battle of life. Other distinct signs of progress may be gleaned from Mrs. Read's notes on page 4.

MISS BOOTH IN THE KOOTENAI CAPITAL.

Nelson Turns Out En Masse to Hear the Commissioner—Twelve Souls Captured—Excellent Finances.

Nelson campaign has been a stupendous triumph. Large and enthusiastic crowd of citizens awaited my arrival at the wharf. Largest hall in the city packed for each meeting, and many turned away. Soldiers filled with love and fire, fought as whole-hearted, red-hot Salvationists always do. Exceptional demonstration of affection and confidence from all. Band did excellent service—rendered first-class music. Result: 12 souls and \$330 total collections. Major and Mrs. Hargrave are in the hearts of the people, and masters of the situation. Adjutant Smith, from Port Simpson, is here; brings excellent reports of the Army work among Indians. Expectations great for Rossland. Flag waves high. Yours from the front,

COMMISSIONER.

FIELD COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

WESTERN TOUR.

In addition to the Meetings previously announced in the War Cry, MISS BOOTH has decided to visit:—

BRANDON, Opera House, Tuesday May 1, "Miss Booth in Rags."

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Opera House, Wednesday, May 2, "Miss Booth in Rags."

The Chief at the Temple.

A DAY OF SPECIAL BLESSING.

The announcement read that the Chief Secretary would visit the Temple for a week-end, and on account of past visits being so successful his coming was heralded with great delight, for the Temple soldiers and friends love the Colonel.

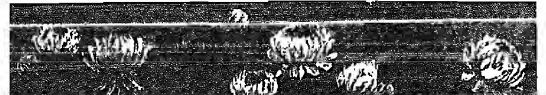
The weather on Sunday morning was of rather a dull nature, but a clear crowd turned up for the open-air. The band was also present. The Colonel's address in the morning, on Daniel was very interesting, and we shall not forget the lessons brought out.

The afternoon march to the open-air stand was the means of arousing much interest. A large crowd assembled at the open-air and listened very attentively and helped most liberally in the collection. The inside meeting was a real lively one. Staff-Capt. Creighton led the testimony meeting, and everybody went in for a good time, and got it.

Staff-Capt. Minton sang, "My name in Mother's Prayer." This song is becoming quite a favorite with the Temple folks.

For the evening open-air we stood outside the Queen's Hotel. The interest down there seems to be increasing so far as our visits are concerned. If we are to judge by the crowd that attended the open-air and the way they gave in the collection.

The Colonel's address in the night meeting was grand. Staff-Capt. Creighton's address was the means of stirring up several. He related the story of how he was converted at the drum head in the open-air, while the rain was pouring down.



April 24th, 1903.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Boers are still besieging Wepener, and have a line of troops in touch with the main force north of Bloemfontein, running east of that place. The relief forces have been despatched from Alwal North, under General Buller, and General Buller, from Lord Roberts' main force at Bloemfontein. Small engagements have taken place at different points, but no decisive action has been reported. One of General Buller's outposts of 50 men lost 35 in missing, only 15 men returning to camp. Making appears as closely invested as ever, although Lieut. Sutherland, of Colonel Plimmer's force managed to pass the Boer lines and enter the beleaguered town with despatches, also to return with the same to Colonel Plimmer. Guns are being manufactured at Pretoria for the Boers. Lord Roberts has severely criticized the battle of Saken Kop, convincing Generals Buller, Warren, and Thorneycroft, all of which are expected to be relieved of their commands. A number of Dutch Cape Colonists, captured at Sunnyside, have been tried for treason and sentenced to terms of imprisonment from two to five years.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A Sergeant was shot in the present labor trouble at Croton dam works in New York. The Welland Canal is to open on April 25th for navigation. Three individuals made an attempt to blow up two Canal locks, which would have delayed the opening of navigation and caused a disastrous flood, destroying many lives and much property. Chief of Police Alex. Muir, of Steveston, B. C., went to recover some stolen property from a Chinese cabin, where he was murdered and his body buried near by. Marie Druse jumped from Brooklyn Bridge and escaped without injury. Several bridges have been carried away in Quebec Province by the recent freshets. An attempt was made to wreck a G. T. R. Express near Princeton, but failed.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is visiting England. The anti-British press of Cairo is agitating against the entrance of Christian missionaries into the Sudan. The plague riots at Cawnpore have been subdued. Queen Victoria has been so pleased with her reception in Ireland that she has prolonged her visit by one week. The bubonic plague is reported to have appeared at several ports of the Red Sea. Earthquakes have been frequent in Bohemia. The Duke of Argyll is dead. The Marquis of Lorne, his eldest son, succeeds him.

Undeserved praise is the severest censure; therefore sit down and consider when you are praised whether you deserve it or not; if not, depend upon it you are only laughed at and abused.

TRADE NOTICE . . .

Nearly all Goods have materially advanced in Price, and therefore we are compelled to stop sending Goods Express PREPAID. Kindly note that in future orders will be sent Express COLLECT, while POSTAGE to cover carriage should accompany all small orders to be shipped by Mail.

MAJOR JNO. M. C. HORN,
TRADE SECRETARY.

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April 24th, 1901.

AFRICAN WAR.
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to have appeared at several
Red Sea.—[Earthquakes
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Lorrie, his eldest son, suc-

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NOTICE . . .

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will accompany all mail
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R JNO. M. C. HORN,
TRADE SECRETARY.

Spokane's Greatest.

THE VISIT OF MISS BOOTH

PROVES THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN SPOKANE'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY—"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

NOTHING ever like it in Spo-
kane's history, is the visit
of the people who attended
the Commissioner's meetings,
on Sunday and Monday, April
8th and 9th. Whether Sun-
day's meetings or "Rags" takes the
palm is a matter of opinion, but judg-
ing from a Salvationist's standpoint,
each meeting was one better than the
other. That the Commissioner has
eclipsed all previous efforts goes with-
out saying. There were unprecedented
crowds, who were not slow in show-
ing their appreciation of the Com-
missioner's visit, and personal regard
for herself. The Auditorium, well
filled for an afternoon meeting, was
declared to be a distinct triumph, but
at night fully 500 people failed to find
accommodation. One gentleman re-
marked next day that he got near the
building, but saw so many people be-
ing turned away that he gave up and
went home. Others bent on hearing a
little, if possible, waited for some
one who might, perchance, be able to
remain right through, but few-
very few—left before the Commis-
sioner had finished, and their places
were immediately filled.

Quite a large number of ministers
from different churches in the city,
were present. The Rev. Mr. Gibson,
who introduced the Commissioner, is
one of our warmest friends.

Soul-saving under the circumstances
was very difficult, and although we
only netted one, we believe the impres-
sion made will amply repay for all the
strength and energy spent by our be-
loved Commissioner. No one can, for
a moment, but acknowledge she was
inspired in her utterances by the Holy
Ghost, and although much exhausted
physically, the Commissioner went
bravely through the series of meetings
without a halt. At the P. O.'s quarters

People Have Called to Express Their
Delight

at what they heard, and how much
blessing and good they had received.
In the office, on the cars, and streets,
the meetings have been upon every-
body's lips. Spokane's biggest tri-
umph is a thing of the past, but its
memory will live on. The following
report from the Spokesman Review
shows how this campaign has been
looked upon:

EVA BOOTH SPOKE.

SHE DELIVERED TWO STIRRING ADDRESSES
YESTERDAY.

Auditorium was Crowded—The Salvation
Army Commissioner Spoke There
Afternoon and Evening.

[Spokesman Review, Spokane.]

Eva Booth is in Spokane. For the
third time the "angel of the slums"
has spoken to the people of this city,
and on the occasion of her two ser-
mons yesterday she was greeted by
audiences that taxed the capacity of
the Auditorium. In the afternoon she
spoke for an hour on the subject,
"The Song of the City." During every
moment she had the attention of her
immense audience, and at times the
power of her speech and personality
held the assemblage spellbound.

The Commissioner arrived in Spokane
last night over the Northern Pacific
Railroad. She is accompanied on her
present tour by Major Smeaton, of
her staff, Adj. Welch, Ensign Griffith,
and two little orphan proteges, Pearl
and Willie. They came to Spokane
from Batte. Major Hargrave, of the
Spokane District, had the entire com-
pany taken at once to his own home,
where they will be entertained during
their stay in the city.

Twice before has the tall and mag-
netic daughter of the Father of the
Salvation Army appeared in Spokane,
and on each of these occasions she
has been met with a cordial reception.
But last evening she spoke to the large-
est audience that, perhaps, ever at-
tended a religious service held in this
city.

Service was Characteristic.

The afternoon service was the most
characteristic of a Booth devotional
meeting. The people who attended
were expecting the speaker to deliver
a better lecture than she had before
done while here, and they were not
disappointed in that expectation.
Though the woman was not in the
best of health, her voice was strong
and her delivery fascinating to her
hearers. Rev. G. W. Gibson delivered
a short speech of introduction, and
Miss Booth was accorded an ovation
when she advanced to the front of
the stage.

The text from which the speaker
drew inspiration was: "And I heard
the voice of harpers harping with
their harps, and no man could learn
that song save they who were re-
deemed." She spoke rapidly, and
with the strong English accent now
well known to the people of this city.
Her first theme was the beauty of the
world, and the wonderful things that
God has provided for the people of His
earth. Attention was directed to the
thousands of beauties of nature, and
from the picture she drew of these
she called upon her hearers to listen
to the music and harmony of life.

The music of nations and the music
of history was sounded, and their
results laid bare before her audience.
In this the speaker paid devotion to
the power of music, and gave several
examples of that power being made
manifest in history. The worldly
music, that of the dance, the popular
song, and the concert hall, was next
shown to be evanescent in its char-
acter and effect, and the heavenly
music, that of a contented soul, was
presented for her hearers, with praise.
Peace, the speaker said, was the

thing to be desired in
the effects of music,
and the things for
which men strive and
struggle were shown as
useless when acquired
unless their possessor
had in his possession
also peace.

"Hark of ages," she
said, was the true song
of the city of God. All
the books ever written
could not, she said,
equal that song in in-
fluence upon the hu-
man race. The close of her sermon,
fraught with long, ponderous periods
and reverberating sentences, was so
effective that the people in the audi-
ence were called upon to exercise all
their self-control to keep from ap-
plauding her.

Evening Address Applauded.

The evening meeting addressed by
Commissioner Booth, attended by a
crowd as large as the Auditorium had
sheltered in a long time, was another
triumph for the gentle woman whose
life-work has been devoted to the
cause of humanity. "Love's Sunset"
was the theme around which Miss
Booth had woven an address that was
longer and fuller as good as was her
effort in the afternoon. It occupied
an hour and a quarter in delivery.

The story, which really was a series
of stories, centered on the expulsion of
Adam and Eve from Paradise, and
its consequent bearing on the human
race. Above and beyond it all could
be seen the magnificent faith and
hope of the speaker. For the lecture,
for it could hardly be called a sermon,
though having a most sublime effect,
the stage was arranged to represent a
garden. Miss Booth wore a yellow
gown of oriental cut, on the bosom of
which shone the burning emblem of
mercy of the Red Cross Society.

The fashion and texture of her dress
but emphasized the slight, weak ap-
pearing form of the Commissioner.
Her face plainly showed that her
physical condition was not what it
should be. She was pale. The strain
of the hard work and hard journey of
the few weeks during which she has
been so hard at work in the West also
accounted for a drawn look of suffering
in her face. But there was no suf-
fering in her bearing. From the time
she began speaking the words flowed
in the usual stately stream, and the
frail figure fairly shook with energy.

From out of the depths of a wealth
of personal recollection and experience.

View of Lake Pend d'Oreille, as seen by the Commissioner
on her way to Spokane.

Miss Booth took stories of sin and
the consequences thereof and turned
them to account in the building of a
great discourse. At the end of each
recital of incident she would pour out
her soul in protest at the wickedness
depicted. These moments were among
the best of the evening. The senti-
ments expressed were uniformly high
enough to engage the closest attention
of everyone who heard, and not so
high but that all understood.

Spoke of Her Slum Work.

Her rescue work in the slums and
persons of London and New York has
probably given Miss Booth a better
insight into the lives of the lowest
classes than has any other person ac-
tive to-day. Her descriptions of Sal-
vation Army experiences, brimming
with the pathos of love for humanity,
were accorded the attention of the
absorbing interest generally felt
among those who sat before her.

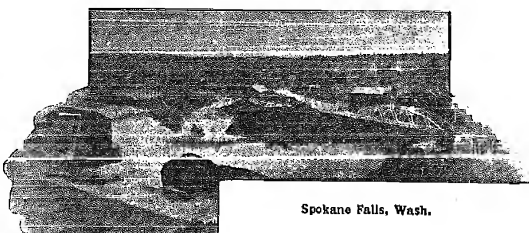
She knows humanity in all its hopes,
in all its ambitions, and in all its de-
sires, and her depletion of the ways
in which humanity goes down to ruin
were grim with truth. Drink, gam-
bling, passion, lust, the pleasures of
the world and of the devil, were
fiercely attacked by the persistently
energetic woman of the spirit of love
and mercy.

"Ah, this drink," she said at one
period. "We want to be like the world
is. We want to taste it. We know it
is good for us. It is sweet to us. Give
it to us. And the young man says 'I
drink to your health; I drink to your
prosperity; I drink to your happiness.'
But, ah! years later that young man
says, 'Drink, drink, drink. I drink to
the ruin of my home; I drink to the
misery of my wife; I drink to the
shame of my little ones; I drink to
the despair of my family; I drink to
my soul's damnation.'"

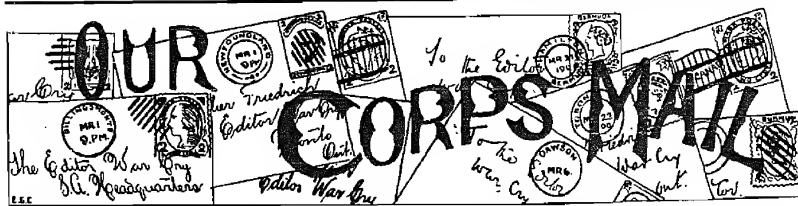
The splendid oratorical height to
which the woman arose during the
dramatic delivery of the foregoing af-
fected her audience to a noticeable
extent. The passage quoted is a fair
sample of the whole of Miss Booth's
talk last night. Each sentence spoken
by her is delivered with a magnetic
swing that enlists the sympathy of
her audience completely. She is a
most remarkable orator and a won-
derful woman.

The magnificent success of the Sun-
day's campaign presaged a further
success on Monday. "Miss Booth in
Rags" has

A Peculiar Charm and Fascination.
The First M. E. Church, the largest
(Continued on page 13.)



Spokane Falls, Wash.



ANNAPOJIS, N. S.—The fight has been a hard one, owing to sickness and desperate storms, but God has helped us in every time of need. Ensign Andrews has been with us for a week-end's meetings. We had a good time. Ensign Ebsary and Lieut. Hebb are believing for victory in the salvation of souls.—M. R.

Showers of Blessing.

BAHLE, VT.—For a few months past we, as soldiers, have not taken the interest in God's work we should have done, and as a result we have suffered spiritually, and every other way. We can lay no blame to our officers, for they have labored faithfully, but last Friday night in our holiness meeting the few that were present came out and gave themselves afresh to God, and God accepted the offering. The fire that was burning low was rekindled. Hallelujah! Since last report several have been saved. Lieut. Ludlow has come to labor with us. Staff-Capt. Taylor was with us for a week-end. Two recruits enrolled under the old flag. We had a blessed time, good meetings, and good crowds.—Zacharias.

BEAR RIVER.—With the help of God's Spirit, we have captured from the enemy six precious souls. Ten comrades also came for a deeper work of grace. We have had a harvest of souls throughout the Siege. Captain Anderson, from St. John, has enrolled seven of our comrades under the flag. We believe they will be a credit to our Army. Five souls at outpost.—Sgt. E. A. M. Cor, for Capt. Hunt, and Lieut. Chandler.

A Sunday of Success.

BRANTFORD.—Our troops were led on during the past week-end by Mrs. Adlt. McAnnamed, and the meetings were grand. Saturday night's open-air was somewhat extraordinary owing to the spirit of liberality which existed among the listeners. Sunday's meetings had not been in progress long before it was felt that something would be accomplished during the day to extend God's Kingdom; and sure enough, at the close of the night meeting, our hearts were made to leap for joy over seeing two Juniors and one Senior weeping their way to the Cross.—O. Shoemaker, Special Cor.

BUTTE.—We had the joy on Thursday night of welcoming to our mid t for the first time our new P.O., Major Hargrave. The Major received a very cordial welcome. He is a Salvationist inside and out. His discourse was grand. Friday night was crowned with the presence of our beloved Commissioner. We had the Methodist Episcopal Church kindly loaned us for the occasion, and had it packed to its utmost capacity. The singing and exercises of the Commissioner's two little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, were much appreciated. The Rev. Mr. Abillon, Pastor of the Church, took the choir; and a number of officers were in for council. It was a glorious time all round. Sunday, good meetings, good crowds; a saved saloon keeper testified to the saving and keeping power of God; one precious soul held up his hand for prayer.—R. L. Cor.

CALAIS.—God has wonderfully blessed our special Siege efforts. Sinners have been saved, backsliders re-chained, soldiers' lot hereens d, our target reached, soldiers and officers encouraged to go on to greater victories. Splendid day yesterday. Rev. Mr. Fuller on the platform with us in the afternoon. Crowds good. War Cry all sold.—P. Knight, Ensign.

Six Feet Six Inches of Salvation.

CAIMAN.—One soul for cleansing on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon four comrades took their stand on Blood-and-Fire soldiers—one comrade stands 6 ft. 6 in., and he is going in to lick the devil. One for salvation last week. The Easter War Cry to

hand to-day. They are beauties, especially the supplement of our dear Commissioner. They will sell like hot cakes.—Capt. and Mrs. Gilliam.

CHATHAM.—Blessed, soul-reviving meetings on Sunday. Soldiers fought bravely. A man and wife knelt side by side at Jesus' feet.—T. Connel, Adlt.

CHESLEY.—Easter morn, at the early hour of sunrise, the soldiers were gathered for prayer, and at 6 a.m. the town was brought to remembrance of why this day was called Easter, by the sound of praise music, and song. Sunday night the power of the Holy Ghost was felt. The Sergt.-Major had a proper hallelujah dance. Souls were touched, and one desired our prayers.—Capt. Poole.

A Trophy of Visitation.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—While visiting one day last week, a dear woman whose child had been buried that day, replied to our pleadings: "Yes, I believe God is calling me." When we prayed she lifted her heart to God. Who gloriously saved her. Her testimony to-day is, "I am sure I am ready to meet Him."—Geo. Hudson, Capt.

GANANOQUE.—We had a visit last Thursday evening from our new P.O., Brigadier Pugmire, also Ensign Pugh. Had a lovely meeting, good crowd, and although no one yielded, there was deep conviction. Easter Sunday we had a lovely time. Four souls at the Cross at night. Easter Cry all sold. Lieut. Thompson, for Ensign Smitzer.

GLACE BAY.—Last week we were favored with several specials. Ensign Andrews, with his splendid service, "Given in Charge," was greeted by a full house. Collection at the door \$18. Six. Green, Leonard, our loyal G. R. M. Agent, deserves great credit, having collected personally over \$15 for this scheme. Then, for two nights, we were delighted to have with us our P.O. Staff-Capt. Rawling. On Tuesday night the Staff-Captain enrolled six recruits under the flag, and on Wednesday night he commissioned 11 Local Officers. The Staff-Captain was fully assisted through the meetings by Capt. Piercey Green, Doyle, and Brown. Our appeal to our congregation on behalf of the Indian Famille has been very favorably received. Results will be made known later. Rumors of Self-Denial are in the air. We are prepared for the battle.—Yours to win, Sergt.-Major.

Easter in the Ambitious City.

HAMILTON.—Major and Mrs. Thompson, and Capt. Matthews and Russell, with us for special Easter meetings. Good Friday Nos. 1. and 11. united for holiness meeting at 3 p.m. Commissioning of Local Officers at 8 p.m. Flushed the day with a half-night of prayer, with three out for the blessing. Saturday night big Free-and-Easy. Regan Sunday with a sunrise kneedrill, 35 in attendance, after which we had a march. Good attendance at holiness meeting. Major spoke on ancient masonry. The afternoon and night meetings were well attended. The Major spoke on "A City Sinner." In the afternoon, and at night "The Sun-Rolled Away." We rushed on Monday night with a lecture from the Major, "International Congress, and My Trip to Europe." The meetings were enjoyed by all. One who was there.

HAMPTON.—We have some real friends here. Some of them are un-saved, but they do their part as far as helping us financially is concerned. We are believing for souls.—L. Penney, Ensign.

KEMPTVILLE.—Our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Pugmire, has just paid our corps a visit, which will be long remembered by comrades and friends. Ensign Pugh also assisted with music and song. The meeting, from begin-

ning to end, was a real old-timer. At its close three souls found mercy.—Sergt. J. H. Burley.

A Record Kneed-Drill.

LISTOWELL.—Our Juniors' entertainment, held on Tuesday, April 10th, was a success in every way; the children gave their pieces in good style. Miss Campbell and Capt. Burton gave us some music on the organ and auto-piano, which was appreciated by the audience. On Saturday night we had Annie Wright, of Ingersoll, with us, also Capt. Burton and Bro. Cowan, of Palmerston. Annie Wright's sketch of her days in slavery was the most attractive part of the meeting, which was listened to very attentively by a large crowd. Easter started in the right way with thirty out to kneed drill. We almost wish every Sunday was Easter, for our kneed-drill's sake. Meetings all day were well attended, and were a success in every way. Lieut. L. W. Bishop, for Capt. W. White.

MAITLAND.—Ensign Parker, with lantern, paid us a visit. Subject, "Home, sweet home." Fair sized crowd. Lieut. Weir soloed. On Sunday Sergt.-Major Moore, of Lindsay, with us. On Monday night Staff-Capt. Burditt, our D. O. from Peterborough, gave us a treat in the way of a special salvation meeting.—Albert, R. C.

He'd Rather be a Hayseed.

MT. VERNON.—We are still hammering away. Several soldiers sick and unable to get to meetings. Saturday night marched out three strong, large as life, singing, "We're the Army that shall conquer." Sunday's open-air meeting very good; good attention given. One brother said he preferred to be a poor, humble hayseed than have the applause of the world.—Lieut. R. Lauchlan.

NEWMARKET.—Sunday was a high day. At night one young man volunteered for self-salvation. A fund for the Junior Library has been started. We are trusting that it will soon largely increase. The Juniors' Annual held here was a decided success.—Aux.

NEWPORT.—Had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Sims, which proved a great blessing to us all. Come back again soon, Ensign, and bring Mrs. Sims with you.—Lieut. Newell; Cadet Hicks.

NORWICH.—Since last report we have had some very interesting times. We had a visit from our D. O., Adlt. McHare, and a farewell social. Capt. Hockin has fared well and gone to take charge of Tilsonburg. We welcome Capt. Mathers, who takes up the reins here.—L. Binger, Lieut., for Captain Matthers.

OTTAWA.—On Saturday evening Brigadier Pugmire was given a rousing reception, also an address of welcome on behalf of the corps was presented by Ensign Pugh, after which the Brigadier launched out for souls by music and song and straight salvation truth. Result, one soul seeking pardon. At kneed-drill another wanderer at the Cross. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier's subject was "Six Reasons Why We Should be Holy." A deep, soul-searching meeting, with five souls in Jesus' feet. In the afternoon the Brigadier's subject was, "400 Miles by Land and Sea," which received great attention as each incident of his life was related. In the evening a great salvation meeting. "Manasseh and his sin," was the lesson. The Brigadier spoke with effect, and three precious souls came to the Pentecost. On Monday morning Brigadier, at the officers' quarters, united in matrimony Bro. Eldon McGuire and Sister Ethel Peil. The secular Press gave favorable reports of the campaign.—Cor. Sergt. French.

Annie Wright's Red-Letter Visit.

PALMERSTON.—For the past few weeks excitement has been running

high for the visit of Annie Wright, of Ingersoll. Forty-six turned out for kneed-drill. In the afternoon the barracks was crowded to the door, and one soul came to the Pentecost. At night the barracks was full again, in spite of the threatening rain, long before the time for the meeting on Monday night the people were wending their way to the barracks, and it seemed as though the barracks would be much too small. At the time appointed Annie appeared on the platform in all her beauty, and during her discourse of over an hour a pla could have been heard to fall on the floor. Altogether Annie's visit was a glorious success, both spiritually and financially—over \$17 for the week-end. Scott Cowan, R. C.

PAIDISHORO.—Two precious souls have sought and found God. Thursday night we had a big time, with Ensign Jennings down from Springfield. He commissioned eight local officers and made eight more enlist into soldiers. Everything is on the rise.—A. G. Ritchie.

Debt Almost Disappeared.

PITTON.—Crowds have increased considerably, finances have doubled, and the debt, which was quite large, has almost disappeared; best of all eight souls have been saved.—Mrs. Ensign Wyman.

SIMCOE.—Since taking charge we have been enabled to clear the balance of the local property debt, which was about \$70. Last night we had an enrolment of recruits, when two of our comrades took their stand for God and the Army.—J. McHare, Adlt.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Since last writing Ensign Sims has been here for Saturday night and Sunday, and conducted interesting and profitable meetings. At the enrolment on Saturday evening six new soldiers were added. As the weather gets warmer larger numbers attend the open-air meetings and listen attentively to the words of life. We are believing that before another winter comes round we shall have a brass band. W. C. R.

STURGEON FALLS.—Good crowds. Men and women are getting about soberly. Saturday night four comrades were enrolled under our new flag. On Sunday morning, twelve at kneed-drill, and at holiness meeting one soul out for holiness and one for salvation. The J. R. Spence is getting a long very well.—Wm. Spinner.

Nothing Short of a Revival.

TILT COVE.—Judging from the increase of soldiers on the march, and the crowds who attend our meetings, and the numbers that are getting saved, Tilt Cove is very much alive. The last seventeen nights, with only one exception, there have been from one to fifteen souls saved every night. On Saturday night there were thirty-three on the march. How much the revival is still on, souls are getting saved every night, and our prayer is that the revival may continue until all Tilt Cove shall know the salvation of God.—L. Smart, R. C.

Eighty-four Crys Sold by Seventy-two Years-Old Soldier.

VALLEY CITY.—Ensign Perry's visit to this place has proved a blessing. His second night with us (Thursday) one young lady left to follow Christ. We are praying that God may use her to the salvation of many souls. Sold 84 Crys week ending May 7th. That is tolerable-like for a boy not quite 72. God bless the War Cry. I like it well—always read it through, and could say something in reference to my experience selling it, for the help of others—but enough for this time.—A Soldier, for Ensign Taylor, and Capt. Charlton.

WINNIPEG.—Good meetings all day Sunday. At night Mrs. Major Jower, who has been in charge of the Rescue Home for the past two years and a half, sold good-bye to a large audience. Adlt. Mrs. Landry takes charge. On Thursday night a drunkard's demonstration was held, which was a good success. The second act, the drunkard's home, called forth an encore. Capt. Pattenden filled her part as the drunkard's wife very successfully. Altogether everything passed off splendidly.—E. L. Gamble, Cadet, for Adlt. Kerr.

Charity does not consist in calling error truth, and truth error.

→*F

IN WHICH

Two months' companies of a woman to stop a woman most cruelly directed on the performer so through the body. Then together with around a woman who can stand is selected cl however, n barous work Caspar had Indians. The moved three Sackling, and service was u encampment yelled and a soldier boy v life before come.

He got safe proceeded some South Dakota months with his own and place called it, as they a place, but of experience he

About a woman with company. I used Caspar him to leave par said he who was in of \$275, paid to do, and so him out. Caspar, high, he retiated, self outside him, against broke his jaw, minus six o raged his w with the bro not the moon the floor w now lying so and talked t nat care for force. Late agous, but rather see not so den parents were interference. out and want got in his w his stick (h He now f killed two p troubled him fact, he could roll over the went near the yet he heard he had to t thus.

The follow again after a debtor saw h and gave out of his y par went off passing the him ploughin house, so he in and see the ter. The wife woman home par asked w she would n some unis the subject of C sally abused would not gl her to leave went to see really left b gone to town there, so g He left of so the poor money or w

TELLING OF WOMAN, WING FRIEND

"Now we have a young fellow among some riding past,

From a Lion to a Lamb.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

Chapter III.

IN WHICH CASPAR SEEKS TO MARRY.

the visit of Auntie Wright, who, forty-six turned out for in the afternoon the barracks was crowded to the doors, and came to the fountain. At the barracks was full again, of the threatening rain, long the time for the meeting on the night the people were wending their way to the barracks, and it is thought the barracks would be too small. At the time Auntie appeared on the platform, her beauty, and during the course of over an hour a pin had been heard to fall on the floor. Auntie's visit was a success, both spiritually and physically—over \$17 for the week-end, wnu, R. C.

Two precious souls were added to the church. Thus we had a big time, with the dancing down from Spring. The commissioned eight local made eight cents into everything is on the rise—fitchie.

Debt Almost Disappeared.

N.—Crowds have increased lately, finances have doubled, debt, which was quite large, has almost disappeared; best of all, the debt has been saved.—Mrs. E. M. J.

Since taking charge we have endeavored to clear the balance sheet, and property debt, which was not small. Last night we had an evening of recitals, when two of our boys took their stand for God and country.—J. McIlwain, Adj.

Since last week's report, the new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full.

Good friends, the new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full.

Nothing Short of a Revival.

Judging from the number of soldiers on the march, and the number of men attending our meetings, it is a matter of fact that the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full.

Four Crys Sold by Seventy-two Years-Old Soldier.

Ensign Perry's place has proved a blessing to the young men here. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full.

Good meetings all day. At night Mrs. Major Jones, who has been in charge of the barracks, has been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full. The new recruits have been here for a night and day, and the barracks is now full.

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He was at the time reading a book his minister had given him at confirmation. How true, danger lurks when we least expect it. As he thus rode peacefully along, the fellow who had spoken the above words jumped at him with a dagger, while a helpmate jumped and caught the horse. Both used inexpressible language. Caspar asked to be left alone to prevent trouble. One man got Caspar out of the buggy, and landed him, in doing so, on his head. However he soon was sufficiently able to kick his opponent, as well as strike at him with a shot-sack that he had taken from the carriage as he fell.

The fellow, as the subject of our story puts it, made a dive at him with the dagger, and cut him through the arm and hip, also across the chest, as well as nearly cutting off his thumb, as he held out his hand to guard his opponent's blow. Caspar now gave him a blow in the temple that brought him to the ground. Then he jumped on him with both feet.

The other man at the horse now sprang towards Caspar, whom he gave a blow under the eye and told him to keep away. The blow felled No. 2 to the ground, so it left Caspar free to devote his mangled passion upon the other man. He stamped his heels in his face, taking the flesh off of one side and breaking the jaw bone. Then kicking him in the ribs, and supposing him dead, he left him.

Caspar was now weak through loss of blood, so he let the horse find the journey.

The quarrel had all been over a young woman whom Caspar had admired, and who had been spoken against.

Now, he came to the young lady's



Our Soldiers.

GUNNER ERNEST BREWER, R.G.A.,

Of the S. A. Military and Naval League, Bermuda.

From my early boyhood days I sought the blessing of salvation, which I now enjoy by the grace of God. I remember very well my school days, how I used to sit and read, or go rambling round the lanes in that quiet little village of Sandridge, in old England, all alone, with my mind fixed on some verse in the Bible, or singing a hymn. I could not make myself happy with the pleasures of the world, like my companions, and oftentimes did I suffer from blows and jeers through my shortcomings in this respect. Yet I always had a warm place in my heart for my greatest enemy. I could never forget a portion of Scripture my dear father taught me in the Sunday School: "Love them that persecute you."

I was thirteen years of age when I left school, and started to earn my own living. Here my troubles began. I was very fond of horses, and hired myself to a farmer for that reason. I soon forgot God and became a black-guard and a gambler, which grieved my dear parents. Instead of going to school or church on Sunday, I used to go gambling, and in a few hours lost all I had worked hard for during the week.

I never had a suit of clothes to call my own, and would have gone naked if my dear old mother had not died herself, and bought clothes for me. She would sit all night four or five times a week making straw hats to earn money to buy my clothes with. When she would seek to give me some good advice I would run out into the street and call her everything but mother. This soon got my name about as a scandal, and my dear mother would say, "It is not Ernest, it is the devil."

This led me to run away from home and I enlisted in Her Majesty's service, where I was shrouded by all classes

home right after the fight referred to. The father came out and said, "How they did play you out, didn't they?" "Yes, pretty badly," replied he, "but I killed one of those fellows, I'm sure."

You did? said the father. "Where do you have it out?" Caspar told him, so the father called the family out, and sent the boys off to get the supposed dead man. They got him and took him home. The injured man's father was so enraged that he came with a shot-gun to shoot Caspar, but he was not allowed to come near the latter, as they said that Caspar had a right to protect his life. The supposed-killed man was taken to the hospital, where he came to consciousness and remained three or four months.

Caspar now went to a Justice of the Peace and told him he was guilty of the crime. The man told him to drop the matter until he heard from him further. After some time had elapsed he was told he had a right to protect his own life, and no law could prevail against him.

Caspar, however, took quite an interest in his enemy, enquiring every week about him. The first two weeks there were very little hopes of life. The third week hope was held out, but it was said he would be crippled for life. When he eventually came out it happened he saw Caspar across the street, and coming over asked if the narrative he said, "I deserve all the punishment I got, and ask your forgiveness."

They shook hands and called it all forgiven. Then they went into the school and both treated.

From that time they were always good friends, though the poor fellow was crippled ever after.

Caspar never went back to see the girl over whom they had the quarrel, and he thinks his disturber never got her either.

(To be continued.)

of men. When I was sent to Bermuda with the regiment, I determined to live a better life. I sought good company, joined a church, and even professed Christ. I am sure I tried to live a good Christian life, but having no true foundation I talked and went as far back into the world as the devil could have me.

In this condition I saw myself a poor miserable sinner, and it was not long before I came to the punishment form of the Salvation Army, opened my heart to God, and told Him I was willing to give myself as a living sacrifice to Him if He would only forgive the past, and He did it. Now I know my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the prayers of my dear parents have been answered. I now realize I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, and am enjoying that peace I sought for. I am what I am by the grace of God.

To and Fro in the Twillingate District

WITH ENSIGN COOPER.

SYNOPSIS.—Length of tour 25 days; traveled 131 miles; visited 10 camps and outposts; conducted 40 meetings; saw 12 souls at the Cross; enrolled 21 Senior Soldiers, and 7 Juniors; commissioned 72 Sergeants.

On Feb. 10th, I started for a tour round the District. Left Twillingate at 3:30 p.m., traveling to Morton's Harbor, and on the 20th Lt. Col. Reader and your humble servant started for Comfort Cove. The comrades gave us a warm welcome. We spent one night with them. We have some good Salvationists at this place and a nice little barracks is being built, which will be ready to open in the spring.

Next morning at 9:30 a.m. we left for Campbellton, and after a hard journey

of ten miles, we met Capt. Cafe and Lt. Col. Gosses well in their suit and having the victory. Here we have a day-school, conducted by the Lieutenant. We spent two nights at this camp, had a good time, with three Juniors and one Senior saved. Four soldiers enrolled, ten Sergeants commissioned. The work is going on well here.

On the 23rd, at 8 a.m., we left for Botwoodville, and reached our desired haven at 8:30 p.m. We found Capt. Boggs smiling happy and glad to see us. The Captain has fought some hard battles since taking charge, but she can report victory, many souls having sought salvation. We spent Sunday at this place, and put in a good day for Jesus. In the afternoon meeting I had the joy of enrolling five soldiers and commissioning eight Sergeants. We are going to start the new barracks some time in April. The Captain has been in to the lumbering camp and done some good collecting for the hall.

Next comes New Bar. Capt. Sainsbury greeted us with the greatest hospitality. This is a small camp, but there is a big lot of work to be done. The day-school is going on under the leadership of the Captain. We spent Sunday here and enrolled two soldiers and commissioned nine Sergeants. One backslider came home at night. At the soldiers' meeting on Monday night four came out for the blessing. What a time we had, they

Danced Until They Knocked Down the Stove.

Tuesday we left for New Bar. After a walk of ten miles we got to our old friend's, Mrs. Richard's, where we spent two nights, held two meetings, and saw two souls saved. These people are very anxious for us to start a barracks; one man gave the Captain a frame for it, another gave \$30 to start it. This is a good start, and no doubt Capt. Sainsbury will make a move. We have one soldier here, Father Moore. He is very kind and always glad to see a Salvationist.

Now for Exploits. Thirteen miles brought us to this place. Capt. Newell and Lt. Col. Gosses were looking out for us many days. The officers were having good times, and quite a number of souls have been saved. We spent Sunday at the camp, and although it was very bad weather, we had nice crowds and seven were to have been enrolled, but it was so stormy only four came, and two or three came with their old shoes on; we also commissioned ten Sergeants. We had a good time at night. Three souls at the Cross.

Monday found us on our way for Black Island, where Capt. Ford is having blessed times. He is a small man but he can do a lot of work. This corps was opened on the 11th of December, 1900. Since then quite a number of souls have been saved. We spent Sunday at the camp, and although it was very bad weather, we had nice crowds and seven were to have been enrolled, but it was so stormy only four came, and two or three came with their old shoes on; we also commissioned ten Sergeants. We had a good time at night. Three souls at the Cross.

Samson's Island came next. We had a meeting, and had a blessed time. These people know how to dance—they danced until the oven came off the stove. We have quite a few soldiers here, and they are going to start a barracks this spring.

Morton's Harbor came next. We found Capt. Howell very glad to meet us. Since taking charge of this corps, the Captain and his Lieutenant have had the joy of seeing many souls saved, and twenty-one have taken their stand as soldiers. The barracks has been finished and made very comfortable. We have another day-school here.

I am glad to say that souls are getting saved all round, the officers are well and determined to have victory in the Siege.—Ensign Cooper.

It is a great mistake to teach that a single act of faith furnishes a person with a paid-up, non-forfeitable policy, assuring the holder of eternal life.—The Omcer.

—/—

And in this weakness? Is it not The strength of God, that loves and saves.

Though He be slighted or forgot In damning crimes, or driving cares, And closest clings in darkest lot.

y does not consist in calling truth, and truth error.

The Children's Cosy Corner.

OPENING OF THE "EVANGELINE HOME."

A more propitious evening, so far as weather was concerned, could scarcely have been. The first long rain-storm of the season was falling, as if to assist in the christening of the Evangeline Children's Home, announced to be opened that night. Looking back on the disappointing elements, a philanthropic view represents two good things that this very ill wind blew us.

First, although it certainly thinned the crowd, it guaranteed that everybody that had waded through the drizzly night had some because they really wanted to be present. Second, although the Home, we imagine, would look an inviting place in the day-time sunshine, yet on this particular night its light, grace, and cleanliness appeared especially pleasant by contrast.

Although the fittings are of an inexpensive character, the taste with which the design has been carried out makes it a most charming environment for the eyes of forty little ones, which we understand is its present capacity. Emerging from the spacious central hall, with its reception room, office, and officers' rooms, you enter a long, wide corridor—out of which the doors of one side represent the day and the other the night side of the Home. The informal grouping of the whole, even down to the arrangement of the little cots, forbids the use of the stiff word "institution," and pleasantly suggests the gentler term of "home." The little hospital ward, cap-

soothe the aching of the world's sad heart on earth. "The children's claim is a soul-stirring one, and to disregard its importunate cry, is to neglect one of the most urgent duties devolving upon those who seek to bring the Kingdom of God on earth.

"They are ours—because they are Christ's. When in the midst of His arduous ministry among men, He thought it no waste of time and trouble to caress and bless the children. His arms still wait to be the resting-place of these little wayfarers on life's long road, and it is our privilege to lead those who have strayed, because they never knew the way, back to their own dear Refuge again.

"Then we must bless them, because of their influence upon the world's blessing. A few years, and these little, ill-clad, half-fed children will have grown to their heritage of manhood's care and sorrow. It will make all the difference to the society in which they will then be an important factor, whether they have been succoured in the hour of their early distress, and prepared by holy influences and training for their work in this world and their reward in the next.

"The outstretched hand which the Army offers to all need, has ever been extended towards the children, in the darkest haunts of our cities, the passing of the Army's Shm Sister has brought comfort, cheer, and help to hundreds of little lives which live, or rather droop, there amidst the shadows, and in all departments of our work, we have sought to attend their claim and meet their need. Through the agency of our children's work in this city, hundreds of these helpless little ones have been loved and cared for, and now under the more convenient auspices of the present Home, this beautiful and tender mission can but be increasingly blessed.

"I commend the Home, with the pleading baby-faces which already encircle, to your tenderest and most generous sympathy, that together we may rescue over it, as some garden overlooked by the Heavenly Gardener, in which earth's destined blossoms are tended by gentle and consecrated hands, for happy and holy blooming in time and eternity.

Yours for the comfort of the sad, and the blessing of the sorrowful.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.



CAPTAIN CROCKER,
In Charge of Evangeline Home.

able of being isolated under necessity, was an object of special interest to the friends who inspected the pretty precincts before the inaugural meeting.

In the absence of Mayor McDougal, Alderman Truhamt presided, and expressed all sympathy and good wish for the new Home. At the close of the meeting he said, "It is a blessing to be here to-night, to listen and learn about such a work. The name of the Home is very significant. Let us all become Evangelists from this meeting and tell our friends of all we have seen and heard. I am grateful for being here. I thank all who have taken part, and I thank you for the privilege of being present."

It was regretted that the Commissioner, whose name the Home bears, and whose interest in and love for little children is well-known, was on her Western tour. She sent a message to the meeting, however, which we give in full.

A Message from Miss Booth.

"My Dear Friends:—

It would have given me much pleasure to have been with you to-day, at the opening of this beautiful Home for the friendless little ones for whom it has been fitted. But seeing that the many claims which make demand upon my time and attention necessitate my presence at the moment, many miles away, I cannot let so special an event go by, without a word to those gathered to witness it, expressive of my very warm interest in the work which has called you together.

"As far back as I can remember, from the days when but little more than a child myself, I started to seek to

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, to whose superintendence the work amongst women and children owes so much, was the first speaker.

Mrs. Read's Address.

"It affords me great pleasure to greet so many old friends, and to welcome so many new ones. Since our last public gathering in connection with the Women's Social Department, a year ago, our work has been developing our work. We have cared for over 800 girls and endeavored to redeem them, body, soul, and spirit, and bring them back to God, which is a reasonable service. This is a larger number than has been rescued in any previous year of the history of our Women's Social Work.



We Give the Little Ones Some Rope.

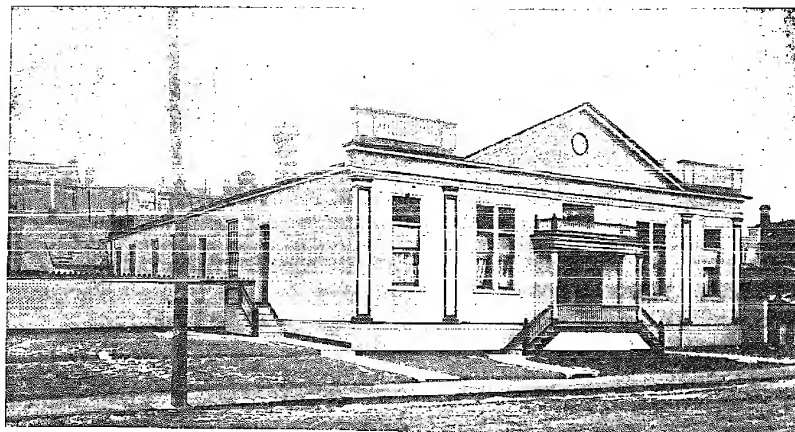
"Now, with respect to this Home, I am delighted that we are able to make this much-needed extension. A prospective glance at the work in this position seems natural, and perhaps a brief outline of its history may not be uninteresting. The great need of this department was the cause of its existence. My first experience in Rescue Work was in charge of a Home in this city for inebriate women. During my year I dealt with 144 victims of strong drink, women of all classes of society, from the poor woman we actually picked up from the street to the cultured member of Scotch nobility who sought shelter with us. We commenced to prepare for our Children's Home. We prayed to God, pleaded our cause with the Commissioner, with the result that a small Home was opened. During the next three months hundreds applied.

Perhaps some question the necessity of this Home in addition to the many institutions for friendless children in our city. Our Home meets a need not covered by either the Boys', Girls', Infants', Orphans', Children's Aid, or Working Boys' Homes. In the Boys' and Girls' Homes they only receive children over 5 years old. In the Infants' Home only the babies are cared for, and the Children's Aid shelter is, I believe, a temporary shelter only. In our Home we receive little ones from 2 years of age. The children we care for are often the children of the deserted wife, some poor little ones whose fathers are victims of inebriety, and some the children of criminals. All these little ones we have sought to surround with those pure and holy influences so necessary to their nurture. We have found that no matter how depraved may have been its parents and first environment, the natural instinct of a child is towards God, and we have made it our mission to dis-

"I Have Lots of Fun Now in the Shelter."

in the Territory. We have recently opened a new Home for unfortunate girls in Vancouver. Citizens of all classes of society have tendered hearty co-operation, and a new Home is now ready. The city council has given us a grant towards the initial expenses. Thus for the first time we have received Municipal recognition in this form for a prospective work. In Halifax we are developing our work, and separating the different classes of girls, namely, the unfortunate ones who have just dropped aside, and the abandoned class, of whom, sad to say, there are a great number in that city. For this purpose we have engaged larger premises. The Halifax Civil Authorities have, for a long time, desired us to take charge of young women under suspended sentences, instead of sending them to the common jail. In Newfoundland we have built an addition to our Home, the Government has increased the annual subsidy to our work, and they also wish us to take charge of young girls in the same way. We have also opened a new Home in Battle, Montana, and have been obliged to increase the accommodation of our Spokane Home.

"Our League of Mercy is increasing its operations daily. We are now established in almost all the cities and towns from Dawson City to St. John's.



THE "EVANGELINE HOME" FOR CHILDREN, TORONTO.

Who recognizes in this graceful edifice the former barn-like barracks of Old Richmond Street Corps?

cover and direction to who have

The

"You have the Boston and dumb, seven years absolute blindness that mind, were closed by that great discovered, the deaf but the girl's they began knowledge, ber. But instruction she was 12 him, and he mention of been the and who co by the exco touch. He and what I have much, child history finally said of that his name," we are sood young mind which they "We have the world's rest a year child, I wou for their s to say we your practi

Rev. Mr. somewhat "There are that the P like, and O Presbyterian doesn't like work such all agreed. in the res work I can said, Christi and I think the child, no place to tainly none Christ came saved them seems to here to-igh beautiful B gain the S right in Christ Him

Dr. G.

"When we you in the Gilmour, directly loss ren at you for two reas sympathy carried on, a debt of gra the Army Prison. I anything to leave the ion has seen in the ways. Tim Central Pris with the inu get to meet cannot be t weakness o believe th save the m would be a and take so The work the earliest he the mus that I don't for boys, I f every officer preposterous he improve number of s as full as (Toronto p educate the \$100 to w it not be m money to r to guard ag us returned Army is do and to do llyed for."

Staff-insp renaissance with new A churning o added his te

cover and cultivate this precious pre-
disposition towards the highest in those
who have come under our care.

The Case of Helen Kaefer.

"You have heard of Helen Kaefer, the Boston girl who was born deaf, and dumb, and blind; until she was seven years of age her life was an absolute blank; nothing could go into that mind, because the organs of eyes were closed to the outer world. Then, by that great process which has been discovered, by which the blind see, the deaf hear, and the mute speak, the girl's soul became opened, and they began to put in little bits of knowledge, and bit by bit to educate her. But they reserved the religious instruction for Philip Brooks. When she was 12 years old they took her to him, and he talked to her through the medium of the young lady who had been the means of opening her senses, and who could communicate with her by the exceedingly delicate process of touch. He began to tell about God, and what He had done, and how He loves men, and what He is to us. The child listened very intelligently, and finally said, 'Mr. Brooks, I know all this before, but I did not know His name.' And in our children's work we are seeking to make known to the young minds the holy aspirations which they do not understand."

"We have cared for nearly half a century the world's orphaned. The average cost a year is about \$30 for each child. I would like to thank our friends for their sympathy and support, and to say we desire a continuation of your practical interest."

Rev. Mr. Goggie.

Rev. Mr. Goggie, in the course of his somewhat humorous remarks, said, "There are some things in the Army that the Presbyterian Church doesn't like, and there are some things in the Presbyterian Church which the Army doesn't like, but when it comes to work such as this, we cannot but be all agreed. The Salvation Army work in the rescue is the nearest Christ-work I can think of. Someone has said, 'Christ discovered the individual,' and I think the same might be said of the child. 'The old philosophers had no place for the little child, and Christ came into this life and He discovered the value of childhood, and it seems to me that when we gather here tonight, at the opening of this beautiful Home for children, that again the Salvation Army is walking right in the way in which Jesus Christ Himself walked.'"

Dr. Gilmore's Appreciation.

"When we hear of such work as you in the Army are doing," said Dr. Gilmore, "we who are doing so infinitely less feel that we are as children at your feet. I am here tonight for two reasons. First, to express my sympathy with the good work here carried on, and second, to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the work which the Army has done in the Central Prison. I do not know that we have anything to do with justice. We have to leave them with God, but we cannot but see that to 'train up a child in the way he should go' cuts both ways. During my three years at the Central Prison, I have dealt personally with the hundreds of boys, and I have yet to meet the case whose downfall cannot be traced either to hereditary weakness or bad early training. I believe that the mercy of God can save the most hardened sinner, but it would be a great deal better if it did not take so much mercy to save him. The work that gets at the child at the earliest possible age is going to be the most successful. When I say that I don't believe in reformatories for boys, I am not condemning reformatory officials, but the system. It is preposterous to think that a boy can be improved by closing him in for a number of years with 200 or 300 boys as bad as himself. The citizens of Toronto pay \$16 or \$17 per year to educate the children where they pay \$100 to watch the criminals. Would it not be more profitable to devote the money to rescuing the children, than to guard against and punish them later as criminals? The work that the Army is doing is a soul-inspiring one, and to do such work is worth having lived for."

Staff-inspector Archibald gave some reminiscences of his first association with the Army, and spoke of his unchanging confidence in its work. He added his testimony to the importance of getting hold of children for good while yet young.

Mr. Turk's Views.

"I have been thinking," said Rev. Mr. Turk, "of that popular expression, 'What would Jesus do?' and it occurs to me that if He were in this city now He would do very much the same work which the Army is doing, and be very much at home in this Home. I believe if I had my ministerial life to live over again I would spend a great deal more time in trying to influence the dear children to come to the Salvation Army, than in trying to convert the hard-hearted sinners. I believe that every child is born in a favorable condition. Surround the child with the proper conditions and you will have the bloom. The salvation of the child is the great solution of the problem of society, and personally, and through any influence I may have, I shall be in hearty co-operation with this work."

Colonel Jacobs expressed his enjoyment of the meeting, which was held one of the few occasions when representatives from the different churches met on a common ground, and gave some explanation as to the transformation process which had evolved this beautiful Children's Home out of Toronto's old No. 1 barracks.

The Press were well represented and gave favorable comments. In some instances of considerable length. The Globe, Mail and Empire, Toronto World, and Evening Telegram all reported the meeting well.

Spokane's Greatest.

(Continued from page 9.)

building in the city was secured and was filled, even though nearly 400 people paid 25c admission. The Rev. Dr. Cool, Pastor of the Church, introduced the Commissioner in a neat, brief, but extraordinary speech. We cannot give it verbatim, but he said, in talking to the Commissioner, that she had the "fire and zeal of an Isabella, and the tenderness and sympathy of St. John," and that she had been called to show us how to do the work of love and mercy in which she was engaged.

Both the Spokane Chronicle and Spokesman Review devoted considerable space to the meetings, as follows:

HER THIRD LECTURE HERE.

[Spokesman Review.]

Miss Eva Booth has completed her work for her third annual visit to Spokane. For more than an hour last evening a

crowd that took up all the available space in the First Methodist Church listened to the stories of the noble woman's struggles with poverty, degradation, and sin in the darkest slums of darkest London. The tale of trial and triumph was well told, and her hearers heard it to the elevation of the already high opinion held of the character of the work of the unselfish woman.

Rev. P. A. Cool introduced Miss Booth. She was attired in the rags with which she worked in the alleys and courts of the world's metropolises. But those who had come to see and hear her looked beyond those to the heart of the weaver, and bestowed liberal applause upon Miss Booth when she appeared for their entertainment. The address delivered at the church last evening was much like those given in the Auditorium Sunday, in general tone. It was more interesting, however—being a series of direct recollections of Miss Booth from her rescue and mercy work. The personal tone given the rehearsal of the scenes of squalor and misery, heightened by the gaze of the speaker, had the desired effect on the audience. During the relation of anecdotes of London lower life there were many times when the eyes of every listener were dimmed with tears. Miss Booth may always be sure of a cordial reception in Spokane, if the events of her present visit here may be considered as evidence of personal popularity.

—(10)—

HELD HER AUDIENCE ALMOST BREATHLESS.

Miss Eva Booth Made a Powerful Impression on Her Hearers.

[Spokane Chronicle.]

It is seldom that a woman can hold an audience for more than two hours simply by talking. It is more seldom that a woman can hold an audience of 1,500 people almost breathless until the climax of a story is reached. This is what Miss Eva Booth did last night with an audience at the First M. E. Church that filled every available seat in the house.

At her appearance, dressed in rags and playing on an accordion, there was a burst of applause from the audience. She gave a selection on her harp which was well received, and Mrs. Major Hartgrave rendered a vocal solo in fine style, but it was not until Miss Booth started to speak that the people really recognized what a treat was in store.

She told of four factors which had brought success in the work. These subjects were love, sympathy, sacrifice, and action. These four together made the crowning grace which formed the cross. As Miss Booth would relate some thrilling experience the audience would scarcely breathe, and should a person dare to move he met with such frowning looks from a

hundred people at once that he would keep still. Then, after the climax, there would be a little rustle, and soon everything would again be quiet.

It is not Miss Booth's oratorical powers, nor her voice, that gave her this influence over her audience. The secret of her wonderful power is her earnestness in what she says and does. There is no person, however skeptical, who, after listening to her, is not assured that she is in earnest.

The finances for the week-end amounted to over \$400.

Wille and Pearl took a considerable share of the campaign, and the crowd were delighted.

Major Smeeton, Adj. Welch, and Eugin Griffith formed the rest of the Commissioner's party.

The officers from Montana State attended the Commissioner's meeting in Butte, and returned to their corps to fight harder and do more for God than ever they have done.

Border Line Indulgences.

What is at stake, is often a more important question than what are the odds. A skilled driver shrinks from bringing his horses near the edge of a sheer precipice, even though the chances be ten to one against an accident. That remote possibility of a slip and sudden death is too terrible to take any chances on. So, in character-building, it were well to think more of what we are tempted to risk, than how slight the margin of risk may be. The chances of harm resulting from "border-line" indulgences may, in certain temperaments and under certain conditions, be minimized, but the same stake is always risked, whether by the broken-down weakling struggling to free himself from a lifelong habit of indulgence, or by the clean-souled, sturdy young fellow of iron will and favoring "environment." That stake is personal character, and its possible loss is too awful a thing on which to take even the devil's most generous odds.

IMPORTANT I

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, &
LEGACIES?
DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
CREDITORS, &
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Umerton, 6 A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto.
No fee will be charged unless agreement will be charged.



Little Ones Some Rope.

entrance to almost all nations. This work has saved hundreds from the clutches of Satan, and the selfishness of our country and confidence.

pective glance.

respect to this Home. I am sure we are able to make it an extension. A pros- at the work at this time, and perhaps of its history may not be. The great need of its first experience in ways in charge of a charity for twelve years I dealt with strong drink, women of society, from the actually picked up to the cultured middle-class who sought We commenced in Children's Home. We dedicated our cause with the result that the doors were opened. During the last twelve applied, a question the necessity in addition to the is for friendless child. Our Home meets it by either the boys', Orphans', Children's Boys' Homes. In children's Homes they only over 5 years old. In me only the babies are the Children's Aid believe, a temporary our Home we receive 2 years of age. The are for are often the deserved with some whose fathers are are, and some the adults. All these lost have sought to surround e and holy influences their nurture. We t no matter how de- have been its parentage ment, the natural in is towards God, and H our mission to dis-

cover and cultivate this precious pre-
disposition towards the highest in those
who have come under our care.



et Corps 9

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Mag Makes a Record Run—Almost Overtakes the Famous Arab
—Brigadier Pugmire has Designs on the Championship—
Alas, Poor Easterners!—Well Done, North-
West and Pacific.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	91
East Ontario Province	90
Central Ontario Province	84

VVV

Surely we are on the verge of revolution! I cannot but feel that now that Brigadier Pugmire has mounted his horse in deadly earnest we must be prepared for momentous happenings. Already he has downed Nigger, and is now hot on the heels of Arab. One more foot would have, possibly, turned the fortunes of the day.

VVV

Major McMillan, as we plainly see, just managed to escape defeat this week. I do not pretend to an absolutely accurate knowledge of all the Major's many qualities, but it seems to me I am perfectly safe in saying that he will not be easily turned down. One week may see wonders. The West Ontario folks are noted for their pluck. Still the unpleasant fact, to them at least, remains, that Mag is not after them.

VVV

Nigger's defeat is possibly only a temporary one. Few horses have had a more chequered career than this old war steed.

VVV

Of the three provinces Lieut. Smith is champion, with 219. Capt. Wilson next with 197, and Lieut. Lamb last with 114.

VVV

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 83	North-West. 53
Pacific 45	
Newfound'd 18	
Klondike ... 2	
Totals .. 83	118

VVV

This week sees the defeat of the Eastern forces turned into a positive disaster.

VVV

There are many well-known cures for despondency, and I doubt not my defeated comrades down that way will need doctoring for that ailment. Let me recommend an old reliable: Take a bundle of War Crys, pray over them, then burn them in the old familiar style! This is calculated to cure a fit of blues in due application.

VVV

The North-West looks particularly active, the Pacific is coming on, Newfoundland has lots of color in its cheeks, while the Klondike folks—well, give them a chance, will you?

VVV

Bismarck, N. D., takes ten more War Crys. That is a worthy commemoration of the great man the town is named after.

VVV

What has become of all the Bermuda boomers? Possibly that accounts for the low condition of the Eastern Province. Will dear Bro. Miller please keep those boomers active?

VVV

Just think how many more boomers Newfoundland would have to its credit if all the corps besides St. John I. and II. and Tilt Cove had reported!

VVV

Thanks, comrades, for your words of appreciation on the Eastern War Cry. As one of the staff, I am delighted to know that it was so well received by all.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	219
Capt. Sizer, Woodstock	205
P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford	150
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	130
Lieut. Stickle, Berlin	127
Capt. Fyfe, Sarula	110
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford	105
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	103

Capt. McCutcheon, Senforth	44
Capt. Coe, Hespeler	43
Sergt. Schwartz, Galt	42
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	41
Sergt. Robt. Berlin	40
Capt. Haley, Ridgewood	40
Sec. Gifford, Shumoe	40
Mother Cutting, Essex	40
Ensign Simpson, Guelph	40
Ensign Williams, Galt	38
Capt. Haddock, Ingersoll	38
Lieut. Crayford, Hespeler	37
Frederic Palmer, London	37
Sister Featherstone, London	37
Mother Broadwell, Kitchener	35
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	31
Bro. Dearling, Hespeler	31
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Hespeler	31
Capt. Wiseman, Inghelwell	29
Capt. Wright, Petrolia	31
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt	30
Mrs. Kerswell, Drayton	29
Lieut. Thompson, Senforth	28
Capt. Capeman, Brantford	25
Bro. Fleming, London	25
Capt. White, Listowel	25
Maudie Stages, Wallarburg	25
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	25
Sergt. Mrs. McElroy, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	24
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Lieut. Crank, Stratford	21

Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	56
Capt. French, Peterboro	56
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	56
Capt. Crego, Kempsville	56
Capt. Munford, Trenton	56
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	56
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	56
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	56
Lieut. Hickman, Pontrebo	56
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	56
Capt. Bartch, Brockville	56
Lieut. Tilly, Brockville	56
Sergt. Cogan, Kingston	56
Ensign Stutter, Gananoque	56
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque	56
Cadet Hicks, Newport	56
Lieut. Newell, Newport	56
Capt. Tytus, Annapolis	56
Lieut. Langford, Annapolis	56
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	56
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	56
Capt. Pittcher, Morrisburg	56
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV ..	56
P. S. M. Ilse, Montreal I.	56
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	56
Capt. Gross, Prescott	56
Capt. Sturtholme, Napanee	56
P. S. M. Perkins, Barre	56
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	56
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	56
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	56
Mrs. Ensign Mrs. Barry	56
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	56
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	56
Sergt. Shiner, Montreal I.	56
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	56
Ensign Ward, Kingston	56
Mrs. Ensign Mrs. Barry	56
Lieut. Hoole, Cobourg	56
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	56
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	56
Capt. Dawson, Montreal I.	56
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	56
Capt. Major, St. Johnsbury	56
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	56
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.	56
Lieut. Cook, Montreal I.	56
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	56
Capt. Bliss, Quebec	56
Capt. Brimley, Sherbrooke	56
Sister E. Avey, Sherbrooke	56
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	56
Sergt. Shumans, Kingston	56
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	56
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	56
Capt. Newell, Barre	56
Ensign Jones, Tweed	56
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	56
Sister McCorkel, Ottawa	56
Sister Logie, Montreal I.	56
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	56
Lily White, Brockville	56
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	56
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	56
Mad Duquet, Trenton	56
Capt. Ganumidge, Smithton	56
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	56
Lieut. Wain, Millbrook	56
Mrs. Burk, Belleville	56
J. S. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	56
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	56
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	56
Sergt. Meredith, St. Johnsbury	56
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pleton	56
Mrs. Jewel, Pleton	56
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	56
Sergt. Major Shepherd, Quebec	56
Mrs. Hippen, Montreal I.	56
Bro. J. True, Belleville	56
Sister Wright, Peterboro	56

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	114
Sergt. Thompson, Hamilton I.	107
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	90
Lieut. McGregor, Newmarket	80
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	73
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	73
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	73
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	73
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	73
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	73
Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	73
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	73
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	73
Sergt. Bowsher, Ligar St.	73
Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	73
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	73
Capt. Nelson, Brantford	73
Capt. Sherwin, Orillia	73
Lieut. Greavett, Orillia	73
Treas. Everley, Oshawa	73
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	73
Thos. Boyer, Bracebridge	73
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Barre	73
Cadet Porter, Lippincott	73
Capt. White, Riverside	73
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	73
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	73
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	73
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	73
Lieut. Stickle, Huntsville	73
Capt. Connors, Dundas	73
Lieut. Peaceck, Dundas	73
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	73
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	73
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	73
Cand. Bushey, Lippincott	73
Capt. Palling, Little Current	73
Lieut. Pattenden, Little Current	73

Lieut. Edwards, Peversham	56
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	56
Capt. Poole, Chesley	56
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	56
Bro. Dixon, Temple	56
Cadet Brown, Temple	56
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	56
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	56
Sister Rennie, Ligar St.	56
Capt. Creamer, Hamilton I.	56
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	56
Capt. Kivett, Parry Sound	56
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	56
Capt. Liston, Exbridge	56
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	56
Capt. Brooks, Kilmount	56
Lieut. Marskell, Omenec	56
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	56
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	56
Lieut. Pattenden, Oshawa	56
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	56
Sergt. Carrell, Temple	56
Sergt. Gifford, Temple	56
Edith Smith, Dovercourt	56
Cand. Stacey, Temple	56
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	56
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	56
Mrs. Courtemanche, Kilmount	56
Capt. Dales, Lippincott	56
S. M. Bone, Barre	56
Adj. Wiggins, Barre	56
Minnie Menzies, Pleton Pa	56
Sergt. A. Bowers, Kilmount	56
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	56
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	56
J. Matchett, Ligar St.	56
Sister Garvie, Temple	56
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	56
Sister Bowman, Temple	56
Sister Gilbert, Temple	56
S. M. Bradley, Temple	56
Capt. Young, Brooklin	56
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	56
Mother Curry, Hamilton I.	56
Tillie Gae, Hamilton I.	56

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Sergt. Ming, St. John I.	56
Capt. Percy, Sydney	56
Capt. G. Thompson, Galt	56
Sergt. Velmot, Halifax I.	56
Sergt. Phil, Hinton	56
Mrs. Salter, Hamilton I.	56
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	56
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	56
N. Flood, Hamilton	56
Capt. Allan, Carleton	56
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	56
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax	56
Capt. Denkin, Sackville	56
Mother Curry, Hamilton I.	56
Mrs. Adj. McMillan, Pro	56



PATRICK MULVANEY'S LAMENT.

Och, sure, an' be the saints, Oi can't stand much more! W'at wld the goin's on of me prisid wife, an' the rent due, arrah sure, now, I'm in a bad way. I'll jus' drop into the War Cry. That'll cheer me soul up, anyway!

Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	102
Lieut. Malsey, Goderich	101
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	100
Capt. Hinthodson, Leamington	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	100
Capt. Green, Windsor	86
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	71
Ensign Collier, Wingham	65
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	65
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	62
Capt. Heister, St. Thomas	62
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	62
Capt. Freeman, Stratford	62
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford	62
Sergt. Golding, Stratford	61
Ensign Slat, Dresden	60
Sister Foster, Petrolia	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Lieut. Rindler, Norwich	58
Ensign Whitefield, London	54
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	54
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	54
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	50
Sergt. McGulgan, Hespeler	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgewood	50
Capt. Coy, Essex	50
Sergt. Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	46

Sergt. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Carr, Watford	20
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	20
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	20
Capt. Dowell, Hespeler	20
Bro. Maynard, Paris	20
Corps-Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Bro. Bowles, Dresden	20
Hanna Burns, Dresden	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgewood	20
Mrs. Wade, Petrolia	20
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	20
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	20
Bro. Hanna, Hespeler	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarula	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	127
Mrs. Ensign Fugh, Ottawa	100
Adj. O'Neill, Cornwall	125
Capt. McNaney, Coatocook	120
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	111
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	103
Capt. Brown, Burlington	100
Convert-Sergt. Perkins, Barre	98

real I.	61	Lieut. Edwards, Faversham	35	Sister McDonald, St. John V.	22	Lieut. McRae, Fort William	27	Bro. Butler, Rossland	22
oro	50	Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	35	Lieut. Tate, Grand Manan	22	Capt. Smith, Bismarck	27	Sister Vohu, Baite	22
ville	72	Capt. Poole, Chesley	35	Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	22	Capt. Hall, Virden	27	Capt. Jackson, Livingston	22
ville	72	Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	34	Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20	Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	25	Bro. Portzuan, Kailspell	22
nton	70	Bro. Dixon, Temple	33	Sergt. Donovan, Fredericton	20	Lieut. Island, Grafton	24	Sergt.-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Johnsbury	67	Cadet Brown, Temple	31	Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	20	Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	21	Capt. Langill, Nanaimo	21
un	60	Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	30	Maud Beatty, Fredericton	20	Lieut. Emberton, Mooseville	21	Capt. Buck, Mt. Vernon	20
unbroke	60	Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	30	Capt. G. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	20	Lieut. Ferguson, Lishon	21	Bro. Nordstrum, Nelson	20
'ori Hope	60	Sister Ruth, Lisgar St.	30	Mrs. Chambers, Calais	20	Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	20	Bro. Russel, Nelson	20
ville	60	Capt. Creamer, Hamilton II.	30	Mrs. Chapman, Springfield	20	Mother Wallace, Neepawa	22	Bro. Eldridge, Nelson	20
le	60	Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	30	Mrs. Milton, Springfield	20	Cadet Cross, Rat Portage	22	Bro. Clemens, Nelson	20
unhamque	58	Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound	30	Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	20	Capt. Kennir, Mooseville	21	Capt. Meredith, Dillon	20
un	58	Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	30	Sergt. Ahlrich, New Glasgow	20	Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	20	Sergt. Boothroyd, Westminister	20
rt	58	Capt. Lindsay, Uxbridge	29	Corps-Cadet McKenzie, New Glas-	20	Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	20	Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	20
port	58	Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	26	gow	20	Capt. Habbirk, Emerson	20	Bro. Brett, Rossland	20
or	58	Capt. Brooks, Kilmount	25			Sergt. Harkness, Carberry	20	Bro. Wixon, Rossland	20
r	58	Lieut. Marschell, Omemee	25			Lieut. Krueger, Hannah	20		
rapior	55	Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	25			Cadet Oxenider, Rat Portage	20		
shing	55	Lieut. Pattenden, Oshawa	25			Sergt. M. Johnson, Selkirk	20		
shing	55	Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25						
h, Montreal IV	55	Sergt. Currell, Temple	25						
real I.	55	Sergt. Goffon, Temple	25						
ngston	48	Edith Smith, Dovercourt	23						
ngston	48	Cad. Stacey, Hamilton I.	23						
ngston	48	S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	23						
ngston	48	Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	22						
ngston	48	Mrs. Courtenanche, Kilmount	22						
ngston	48	Capt. Dales, Lippincott	22						
ngston	48	S. M. Bore, Barrie	22						
ngston	48	Adjt. Wiggins, Barrie	20						
ngston	48	Minnie Menzies, Fenelon Falls	20						
ngston	48	Sergt. A. Bowers, Kilmount	20						
ngston	48	Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20						
ngston	48	Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20						
ngston	48	J. Matchett, Lisgar St.	20						
ngston	48	Sister Garvie, Temple	20						
ngston	48	Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	20						
ngston	48	Sister Bowman, Temple	20						
ngston	48	Sister Gilbert, Temple	20						
ngston	48	S. M. Bradley, Temple	20						
ngston	48	Capt. Young, Brooklin	20						
ngston	48	Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20						
ngston	48	Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	20						
ngston	48	Tillie Gee, Hamilton II.	20						

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Come, Holy Ghost.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (H.J. 56).

1 Come, Holy Ghost, descend and rest,
Within my heart come deign to dwell,
Fill all my yearning, longing breast—
Come, every evil foe expel;
My heart, Thy throne, oh, now pre-
pare,
Come, fix Thy holy temple there.

For Thy abiding presence seek
My heart, my talents, yea, my all,
That hence the world may know and feel,
I live obedient to Thy call.
Fresh power I need, oh, this impart,
With holy Fire now fill my heart.

Come in, that I may hence be used
To represent Thee here below,
That all my life may be diffused
With love that will in actions show
That I am following after Thee,
Thou loving Christ of Calvary.

B. W.

Reveal Thyself.

Tune.—Begone, vain world (H.J. 191).

2 Eternal God, in Jesu's name we meet
Around the Cross, the precious
Mercy Seat;
We only long to be made strong
To do Thy blessed will,
Oh, cleanse our hearts, our longing
spirits fill.

Within our hearts reveal each hidden
need,
For grace, O Lord, to please Thee, now
we plead.

Through Jesu's Blood now make us
good,
From self and sin set free,
Oh, make us Thine in true reality!

With motives pure, with hearts in
unity,
Our lives shall witness, blessed Lord,
for Thee;

With power on high to keep us true,
While humbly now we wait,
Within our hearts a love for souls
create.

Bound for Glory.

Tune.—Out on the ocean (H.J. 227).

3 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly
glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Chorus.

All the storms will soon be over,
Over on the golden shore,
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey;
Yet there's room for millions more.

Spread your sails, while heavenly
breezes

Gently wait our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly slugging—
Free salvation is the song.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Tunes.—Marching to Zion (H.J. 98);
Nay, but I yield (H.J. 39).

4 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in the song with sweet accord,
While we surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the Holy King
May speak their joys abroad.

Soon we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:

celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
And every heart be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Heaven or Hell

Tunes.—Lover of the Lord (H.J. 74);
St. Peter's (H.J. 128); The Judge-
ment Day (H.J. 65).

5 My thoughts on awful subjects
roll—
Damnation and the dead,
What horrors haunt the guilty soul
I am a dying bed!

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
etc.

Laughing about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable deeds,
Herself for ever lost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their plagues;
Tormented with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for deeper pains.

Just as I am.

Tunes.—Ereban (H.J. 221); Just as I
am (H.J. 128); Oh, happy day (H.J.
6); (This song becomes L. M. by
repeating the last two words of
each verse).

6 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for
me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To clear my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse
each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, sinful,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now I'll be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!



LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Port Hope, Thursday, May 10.
Belleville, Friday, May 11.
Kingston, Sat. and Sun., May 12, 13.
Ottawa, Mon. and Tues., May 14, 15.
Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sat.
day, May 20.
Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21.
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 23.
Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 24, 25.
Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 26.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Downsview, Sat., Sun. and Mon.
May 12, 13, 14.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit

Essex St., Sunday, May 6.
Owen Sound, Thursday, May 10.
Little Current, Saturday, May 12, to
Tuesday, May 15.
Sault Ste. Marie, Wednesday, May 16, to Fri-
day, May 18.
Sturgeon Falls, Sat., Sun. and Mon.
May 19, 20, 21.

MAJOR PICKERING

Will Visit the Following Corps:

St. John I., Sun. and Mon., May 6, 7.
New Glasgow, Thurs., Fri., Sat. and
Sun., May 10, 11, 12, 13.
Kentville, Monday, May 14.



16th Year.



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ANGEL; "Thou
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